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WITH COLOURED SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**
"THE DERBY—THE PADDOCK AT EPSOM." **BY POST, 6*d*.**



AT THE DERBY: WAITING FOR THE START.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The *British Bookmaker* informs us that a company has been formed for the manufacture of a new substance for book-binding, called membranoid, "a fancy leather made from tanned tripe." It is described as "very pretty and durable"; the tripe will not only last but keep. So many persons "devour" books that this cannot but be welcome information; but where the matter becomes of greater consequence is in those only too numerous cases where a passionate love for literature is accompanied by poverty. How often do we read of great scholars being compelled to part with volume after volume to an unsympathetic purchaser: they say they would rather starve than see their books fall into such ignorant and vulgar hands; but that is the mere literary instinct, which is, after all, less powerful than the natural yearning after food. The price, I am told, realised in such cases, is, on an average, about a shilling a volume. With a "membranoid" binding this humiliating sacrifice may at least be averted. If dried turtle can be, by soaking, made into excellent soup, tanned tripe may be similarly resolved into its original elements. A careful book-lover, with an elementary knowledge of cooking, may thus subsist for weeks upon his little library. He will begin with works he does not much value—*Rapin* or *Hume*—and before he gets to his prime joints—that is, copies—better times may dawn on him. He will in future buy his books with an eye to their last uses: "calf" has a better promise, but only to the ear; it is "membranoid" that will stand by him in his hour of adversity—

When house and land are gone and spent,
Then membranoid is excellent.

With a pennyworth of milk and an onion, the "little oatmeal" to which such literary persons have probably been accustomed is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it.

Some people say, "There is nothing like a love match," and the remark has lately received corroboration. No parallel is, I think, to be found for the state of affairs disclosed the other day at the Thames Police-Court. A gentleman applied for the restoration of his wife's wedding ring, which she had lent to a dear friend to be married with. A duke in a hurry was, as we know, once married with a curtain ring, but such a substitute would not have satisfied the romantic sentiments of the young lady in question. She loved her Edwin far too dearly to put up with anything but the genuine article, and he and his Angelina had not enough money between them to purchase one. They were devoted to one another, and not the least afraid, as some young couples are, of having to "live on their capital," because they had none to start with. She therefore borrowed her friend's ring for the initial ceremony. It had been already hallowed by the performance of a similar service, and therefore would do, it was argued, even better than a new one. A more romantic union it is difficult to imagine; for all that appears to the contrary, they had not even chair (for, of course, one chair would have amply sufficed) to sit upon, and probably spent the day on the Thames Embankment. As to returning the ring to its original proprietress, that, of course, was not to be thought of. It was all very well for her to lend that precious symbol of eternal union, but with Angelina it was far too sacred a thing to be parted with: in the highest and noblest sense it was now hers, and should never leave her finger—never, never! This is an admirable example of a real love match, and also a lesson to those sympathising females who assist in such catastrophes.

It is curious that until Mr. Rudyard Kipling became his Laureate Mr. Thomas Atkins had remained unsung. His deeds have suggested many a noble ballad, but the man himself has been the cause of inspiration to nobody. The fact is, his character, when not actually engaged in business, does not exactly lend itself to poetry. He has not the adaptability of *Jack Tar*, nor, perhaps, quite his good-nature. Sailors never quarrel with anybody, even in their cups; they are "hail fellow well met" with everyone who is not a lawyer; they are always ready to drink and dance and sing. Tommy is always ready, also, for one of these things, but not always for the other two; and when intoxicated he is inclined to be "nasty." He is rather too quick to unbuckle his belt and paint the locality the same colour as his uniform. That is the true secret of his inferior popularity.

It's 'Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of his country!" when the guns begin to shoot,

is a hard saying, which, *pace* Mr. Rudyard Kipling, his countrymen do not quite deserve. They would be as devoted to Tommy as they are to Jack, if he would let them be so, but he is not of so social a disposition. Nothing can be more fiery than the scorn of their advocate, who, indeed, seems to have revived "the lash" for the benefit of those who underrate his clients—

It's 'Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, how's yer soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

If there was ever any general feeling of this kind, it is certainly passing away; there is a great sympathy with Tommy and his wrongs; and I do not think it was entirely

the fault of the public that it has been so long delayed. Tommy has become more like a citizen, as his countrymen, or a large minority of them, have become more like soldiers. "Barrack-Room Ballads" are not the sort of poems to read aloud at an afternoon tea, but they are striking productions nevertheless, and describe a world hitherto unrealised by the Muse.

If advice gratis, given by the gallon, from all quarters (but especially unqualified ones) could ensure success, those who follow the literary calling should indeed be prosperous. There is no one who can "poke a fire and drive a gig" who does not think himself qualified to arrange their affairs for them and correct their mistakes. One would think that the same spirit actuates the public in dealing with this unhappy class that causes the North American Indian to tend the lunatic. The Great Spirit, we think, has afflicted them (with literary tendencies) and rendered them unable to take care of themselves. A small section of mankind—the publishers—are, it is true, not by any means of this opinion; but they are the exception that proves the rule. The last proof of this solicitude has been given by a great social philosopher, who is of opinion that a decent living is not to be made out of literature, and that writers ought, at all events, to have two strings to their bow—i.e., follow some other calling at the same time. This statement, it is true, was delivered on an occasion when he had been asked for a subscription to the Literary Fund, the objects of which are not in a very flourishing condition, and also after dinner, when the judgment of even a philosopher is apt to err. "A morbid fear of the butcher's bill," he tells us, is "inimical to artistic production." One would like to know what it is not inimical? He thinks it highly advisable that the man of letters should have some private means of his own. There is nothing to disagree with in these sagacious reflections, but conceive what we should think of them, if they were made upon any other profession! If lawyers or parsons or doctors were told that sordid cares interfered with their work, that they had better do something else in their odd hours, and that they would find things much more comfortable if they had each £500 a year to begin with—what should we say of their adviser? Perhaps it is one of the conditions of the acceptance of the charity of the Literary Fund that its almsmen should submit to be spoken of as though they were half-witted; but certainly in no place are men of letters so patronised and so lectured as at that ungenial board, and generally by persons who know nothing of the subject beyond what they read in the secretary's report. The political guests are generally the worst sinners in this respect. They are absolutely neglectful of the interests of literature in their own vocation; the pittance set aside every year for its encouragement is notoriously worse administered than that of any other Government fund; in their speeches in Parliament and on platforms they steal half their illustrations, and all their jokes, from literature, and without the least acknowledgment; and yet they persist in offering their unasked advice to men of letters, and giving them, in rounded periods, impracticable suggestions on the art of living.

The Religious Tract Society has had a great compliment paid to it by the Peace Society. The publications of the former institution, however excellent in themselves, are thought to be just a little wanting in the matter of vigour and dramatic interest, and it must have been a matter of much congratulation and surprise to find itself accused of publishing "narratives and illustrations such as could hardly fail to convey to young readers that the lives of soldiers and sailors were attractive." This, however, is the charge brought against it quite seriously by the Peace Society. A deputation from the latter body has called upon the committee, and been received—apparently to their astonishment—"with the greatest courtesy." They seem to have expected at such belligerent hands to be cut to pieces. It has been sarcastically suggested that, if the Peace Society objects to narratives of the wars of Wellington, it can hardly approve of the accounts of the victories of Joshua. Such arguments are beyond our range; but what cannot fail to strike one in this protest is the evidence it affords of the amazing strangeness of the opinions entertained by the objectors.

How full of "fads" this once common-sensical nation is getting to be! A religious newspaper has just been brought to book by its subscribers because, under the head of "Publications," it has ventured to advertise a novel—rather a goody-goody story, with the most unexceptional morals, but still a novel. The unhappy editor thus plaintively apologises: "We wish, indeed, that works of fiction could give place to history, biography, travels, and useful literature. But we have not felt called upon to exclude from our advertising columns books of the same class as are appearing in periodicals of the highest tone"; as if (as has been well observed) "history was not fiction," and, one may also add, in very many cases biography and travel also! One can imagine a very straitlaced periodical—a newspaper, as it were, in a strait-waistcoat—declining to notice any topic whatever but doctrinal theology: there is no altitude which high principle may not be expected to reach in this department; but when the matter affects its advertisement columns it may well make the most "serious" editor look additionally glum. It must cost him a pang, (and something more) to have to return good money, rather

than "soil his pages" with the announcements of a new edition of the *Waverley* Novels. Of what an infinite number of little worlds, undreamt of by their neighbours, is this world of ours composed!

If ever I change my clergyman it will be to sit under a divine of Dundee. One of these gentleman has been preaching against the hypocrisy of his flock for smiling during discourses from which he frankly confesses it is probable they derive very little enjoyment. "Don't smile," he exclaimed from the pulpit. "That is what knocks the heart out of a preacher. Don't pretend to like my sermons when you don't. Don't get up a sickly smile when you are just mad. Let madness out, and, if you like, throw a hymn-book at my head, but don't smile." This must be a very honest minister, who has probably had to listen to sermons in his time. That "just mad" speaks volumes. At the same time, the throwing a hymn-book—even on invitation—seems rather a strong measure.

However significant and distinct may be the harmonies of music, those who write about that art—its trumpeters, so to speak—give out a very uncertain sound. We were told by one authority, the other day, that Handel's "Messiah" has brought "consolation to thousands," and that the "Marseillaise" "caused seas of blood." This may be so, only how at the same time are we to believe another who maintains that "the power of music is neither moral nor immoral, but merely reinforces whatever emotion it appeals to"? One knows people with lots of emotions who are neither consoled nor rendered sanguinary by music. Moreover, one is not unacquainted with persons of a lively disposition upon whom it has a distinctly contrary effect. After five minutes of the most classical music, they utterly collapse. "In the window is no light, nor any murmur at the door, so frequent on its hinge before"; they are fast asleep, and it's lucky for the music if they do not snore.

Whether, as the literary organs assure us and "the libraries" deny, there is now a demand for short stories, there is no question about there being a supply of them. It is long since so many republications of this class of literature have been issued as at present, and, as a rule, they are good stories. The best I have seen for some time is a collection by a new writer—what heaps of "new writers" there are, by-the-bye, and very readable ones, too—called "The History of a Failure." The little book itself is distinctly a success. It has more pathos in it (as usual) than humour, as though the aim as well as the end of life was dying; but the tales are well told and distinctly interesting. One feels especially grateful to the author for the one entitled "Mrs. Munesson," because one feels so sure it will end baldly, and it does not.

The estimates of art critics are peculiar; they care nothing for merit in comparison with a name. Sometimes the whole fabric of calculation breaks down with them, as in the case of the picture robbery at Lord Suffolk's. Any amount of old masters were there cut out of their frames, and, after being kept up chimneys and in other unlooked-for localities, were in due time presented to the highest artistic authorities, including (if one remembers rightly) the President of the Royal Academy. The universal verdict was that they were spurious. However, this does not often happen, because the cases do not generally admit of proof, and, if it comes to assertion, there is nobody to match an art critic. The "unknown artist" to whom "The Embarkation of Catharine of Braganza" was attributed has now been shown to be Van der Velde; and the price of the picture—without its merit having been in the least increased—has gone up from £500 to £5000. How ridiculous would seem this system if applied to literature, which is, fortunately, free from such affectations! A work by a great writer is valued because he has already given proofs of his genius; but, if it is an inferior work, it has not the same circulation or the same commercial value. Moreover, if a new writer brings out a really good book, his merit is soon recognised, and he suffers nothing from the vogue of his elder rival's name.

It appears that certain historical personages depicted in the Naval and other exhibitions have changed frames. In this world we are often dissatisfied with our frames, and yet are unable to swap them, but in the spirit-world there is, it seems, no such difficulty. Why Admiral Myng should have taken Admiral Tyddiman's place, or vice versa, is not made apparent; but one can easily imagine the temptation to a comparatively obscure person like Sir Andrew Fountaine to be taken for Addison, "the name being clearly printed in black letters on a gilt tablet." It is the "professional cleaners" who claim to have discovered these misrepresentations, but they do not know how long they have been going on. If investigations were made in the National Portrait Gallery, it is probable that many similar frauds would be discovered. Nothing will ever convince us, for example, that the portrait of the infamous Judge Jeffreys is a genuine presentment. It depicts a handsome, bright young fellow incapable of an atrocity, and it is only reasonable to conclude that the original of this portrait has been intimidated by the loud-voiced tyrant of the bench to take his place; he also suffers a double wrong, for the judicial savage no doubt passes elsewhere under his name, and introduces a most ruffianly countenance into a highly respectable and good-looking family.

"L'AMICO FRITZ" AT THE OPERA.

After one postponement, which did no great harm beyond lessening the proportions of the audience in the cheaper parts, Signor Pietro Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz" was brought out at Covent Garden on Monday, May 23, and received with very palpable signs of favour. At first the house was somewhat apathetic, but during the second act it "warmed up" wonderfully, and encored not only the "Cherry Duet" but the quasi-love duet which succeeds it, besides treating in a similar manner the intermezzo at the beginning of the third act. Thenceforward the fate of the opera was beyond doubt. To drink in the beauties of the second act of "L'Amico Fritz" is quite enjoyment enough for one evening, save, perhaps, to the greedy music-lover who stipulates for his full three hours of ceaseless bliss; and even he, if gifted with a tolerably appreciative soul for idyllic romance among simple burgher folk, should find ample entertainment in the first and third acts.

Herein lies the question which will form the real test of the popularity of "L'Amico Fritz." The public will hasten to see it now because it is by the composer who wrote "Cavalleria Rusticana." But whether they will care to see it again and again will depend upon their capacity for enjoying an opera which is devoid of excitement, which does not deal with depraved passion, jealousy, or revenge, and which derives its attractive qualities wholly from the poetic nature of the story, the truthfulness of the characterisation, and the expressive charm of the music.

The libretto of "L'Amico Fritz" is not, perhaps, so full of action as an operatic libretto ought to be; on the other hand, the story is coherent and the personages are never dull—either in a dramatic or a musical sense. How pretty the opening scene is!—the friends assembling for breakfast on the morning of Fritz's birthday, the arrival of Suzel with her simple gift of violets for her father's landlord, the interruption caused by Beppe's serenade on the violin and his subsequent song; then the departure of Suzel and the discussion between the matchmaking Rabbi David and that sworn bachelor, Fritz; and finally, the quaint business of the procession of Fritz's orphan protégés, headed by a band playing the familiar Alsatian air, "I bin lusti." The music may not, so far, impress very deeply, but it is full of colour and life and fitting sentiment. The composer's ideas may not invariably boast originality, but they are refined, graceful, and characteristic; his melodies are cleverly treated, and his orchestration is that of a master.

Although the second act is little more than a series of dialogues or duets, each of these embodies an amount of charm the cumulative effect of which is quite as telling as the more imposing influence of a similar quantity of ensembles and choruses. The latter are not entirely absent from the score, for, when the curtain rises on the lovely stage picture representing the farmhouse and garden at Mésanges, we hear the peasants singing in the distance while on their way to work—as they do, by-the-way, in the play founded upon Erockmann-Chatrian's novel. The oboe solo that mingles so quaintly with this chorus is the theme of the popular Alsatian song, "Es trug das Mädelein." The gem of the act, however, and of the opera also, is the celebrated "Cherry Duet," sung by Fritz and Suzel. This is a genuine inspiration, and Madame Calvé and Signor de Lucia well merited the rapturous encore which their rendering of it evoked the other night. The duet that follows is in a more impassioned vein, and so full of beauty that even on first hearing it completely captivates the ear. The subsequent dialogue, wherein Suzel recites to Rabbi David the story of the meeting of Rebecca and Eleazar, is treated in a semi-ecclesiastic manner, a conspicuous feature being the final cadence of Luther's hymn, "Eine Feste Burg." With the abrupt departure of Fritz from the farm the act ends as tranquilly as it began.

The best of the opera is over, but there still remain in the last act some very charming passages, apart from the effective intermezzo which precedes the rising of the curtain—a clever development of the plaintive melody heard in Beppe's serenade in Act I. The gipsy minstrel has another song here, with a curious accompaniment, à l'Hungroise, for the strings and piccolo; and let us add that both numbers were sung with appropriate *verve* and feeling by Mdlle. Giulia Ravagli, who is always seen at her best somehow in a male character. The intensely passionate soliloquy for Fritz, "O amore, O bella luce del core," which Signor de Lucia delivers with singular depth of emotional sentiment, is more interesting than the subsequent love duet; but perhaps the most striking feature of the whole scene is the acting of Madame Calvé, who depicts with exquisite art the conflicting feelings that overwhelm the young girl as she implores the man whom she secretly loves to save her from a forced and hateful marriage.

We have no hesitation in indorsing the opinion that "L'Amico Fritz" is, from a purely artistic standpoint, a finer work than "Cavalleria Rusticana." The majority of Mascagni's

countrymen may not think so, but they are wrong. The exciting plot of the Sicilian opera appeals to them with a peculiar force, whereas this simple Alsatian sketch is the kind of thing they can barely understand and appreciate in the playhouse. Between the two scores a wide difference is discernible, the later work being far more delicate and refined in workmanship. Indeed, the instrumentation from first to last teems with rich colour and ingenious device.

The Covent Garden performance leaves few if any loopholes for adverse criticism. The two principal characters are in the hands of the artists who originally created them, and, if Signor de Lucia does not strike us as an ideal representative of the rôle of Fritz, it must at least be admitted that he interprets it in exact accordance with the ideas of the composer.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW DUKE OF YORK.

Universal congratulation will greet the announcement that Prince George of Wales has received the title of Duke of York.



H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES, K.G.
DUKE OF YORK, EARL OF INVERNESS, AND BARON KILLARNEY.

Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney, a title which embodies a compliment to the three kingdoms. One of our best-known monuments places on record the esteem in which Prince George's great-uncle, the Duke of York, was held; but still more, perhaps, our English enthusiasm for Shakspere, our keen feeling for the continuity of our national life, will make the title, which more than one English monarch has bravely borne, peculiarly acceptable. The new Duke of York was born on June 3, 1865, and at the age of twelve commenced naval service as a cadet on board the *Britannia* school-ship at Dartmouth. In 1879 he joined the *Bacchante* with his brother, Prince Albert Victor, where the training included instruction in seamanship, gunnery, mathematics, and French. He was appointed midshipman in January 1880, and was promoted in 1885 to the rank of lieutenant. At the age of twenty-six—in September 1891—he was appointed a Commander, R.N., and at the lamented death of his brother, on Jan. 14 of the present year, he succeeded to the honours of one in direct succession to the throne. Whom will he marry? is the one question in many minds. In the case of Prince George the step has such far-reaching political consequences that it is not an impertinent one. Under any circumstances, may a long life of happiness lie before him!

ROYAL GOLDEN WEDDING IN DENMARK.

The celebration, on May 26, of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the King and Queen of Denmark, parents of the Princess of Wales, of the King of Greece, and of the Empress of Russia, is an event of family interest to several European Courts. His Majesty King Christian IX., born in 1818, a son of the late Duke William of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, wedded, on May 26, 1842, Princess Louise, daughter of the Landgrave William of Hesse-Cassel. Their eldest son, the Crown Prince Frederick, heir to the Danish throne, was born in 1843, is married to a daughter of the late King of Sweden and Norway, and has seven children. The succession to the crown was secured, by a European treaty, in 1852, to the line of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, on the failure of descendants of the House of Oldenburg, which had reigned during four centuries. Denmark has a population, with its colonies, hardly exceeding two millions and a half, a revenue equivalent to three millions sterling, and a small army and navy; its form of government is Constitutional and liberal, with two Houses of Parliament, the Landsting and the Folketing. The capital city, Copenhagen, or Kjöbenhavn, on the east shore of the island named Zealand, opposite the coast of Sweden, is an important commercial town for shipping and

manufactures, with a population above 300,000, not including the suburbs. The royal palaces are those of Amalienborg, Christiansborg, and Rosenborg, at Copenhagen, and Fredensborg and Frederiksborg, midway between the capital and Elsinore; the parks are beautiful, and the galleries of art contain pictures and statues that are much admired. Frederiksborg, built on three small islets in the lake of Hilleröd, is nearly three centuries old, and has lately been restored, to be used especially for royal ceremonials. The palace of Fredensborg, twenty miles from Copenhagen, is a plain building, to which a more imposing aspect is given by an immense dome of copper and glass. It is surrounded by delightful woodland scenery. Amalienborg is the ordinary town residence of the King and Queen, who here, on Monday, May 23, received the Emperor and Empress of Russia, with their children; followed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, Prince Charles of Sweden, an Austrian Archduke, the Grand Duke of Luxembourg, the Duchess of Cumberland, and several German Princes. Prince and Princess Waldemar, the Danish nobility, the municipality of Copenhagen, and the University, take part in these festivities of the royal Golden Wedding. The wife of Prince Waldemar, the King and Queen's youngest son, is a French princess of the House of Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

THE GREAT DISASTER IN MAURITIUS.

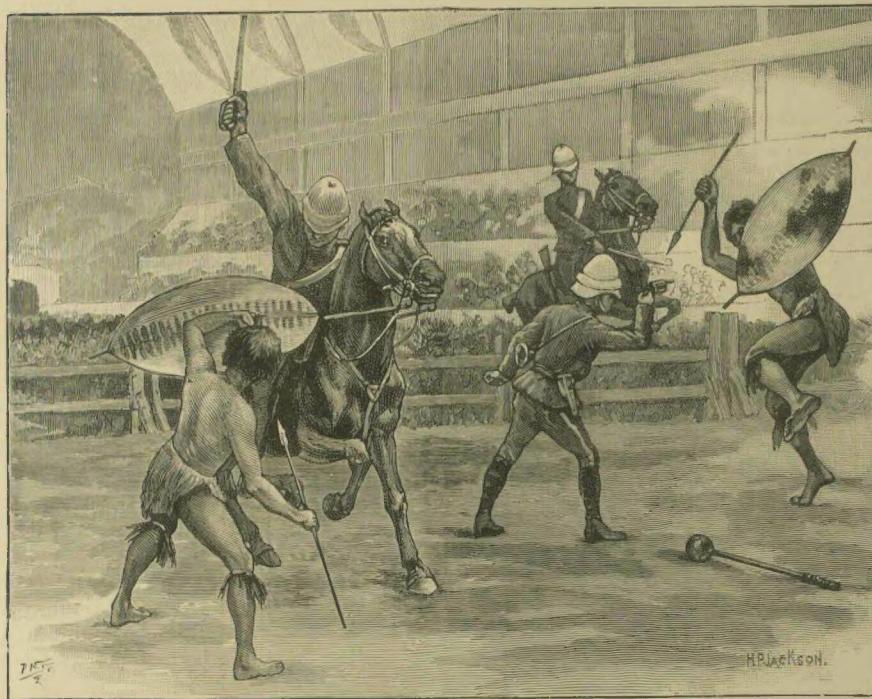
A disastrous hurricane swept over the British island of Mauritius on April 29, destroying a third part of the town of Port Louis, with the Royal College and twenty-four churches and chapels, killing more than a thousand people, wrecking many sugar-mills, and devastating half the plantations. There is great need of relief for the sufferers, the destitute, the wounded, and the homeless, numbering several thousands. We present some views of scenes in Mauritius, which is situated in the Indian Ocean, five hundred miles east of Madagascar, and is an island thirty-six miles long, twenty-eight miles broad. It is of volcanic formation, with fertile plains, and with mountain peaks rising to nearly 3900 ft. The population is over 370,000; labourers from India working on the sugar plantations. The town of Port Louis had 66,000 inhabitants, most of them speaking French.

THE DERBY.

The Derby, run on Wednesday, June 1, has this year been a more general topic than usual, owing to the supposed poisoning of Orme, which was scratched by the Duke of Westminster days before the date of the great race. It is of interest, as indicating the fondness of the Prince of Wales for the national pastime, to note that his Royal Highness found time before his departure for Copenhagen to visit Kingsclere, to watch the gallops of the Derby favourite, La Flèche, which belongs to Baron Hirsch.

Little wonder is it that the Derby Day is deemed the most popular of London's holiday festivals. A stroll on breezy Epsom Downs is pleasant at any time. But on the eve of a political crisis, vividly recalling a Derby Eve in one of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, what a relief to escape from the heated atmosphere of St. Stephen's to the fresh air of Epsom! The spectacle is unique. It is London in little—every class enjoying a colossal picnic—the race along that narrow ribbon of green turf but an excuse for a mighty outing, of which the pleasantest feature is the saunter of a privileged few in the paddock, to scrutinise the equine beauties for the last time before the Derby is decided.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

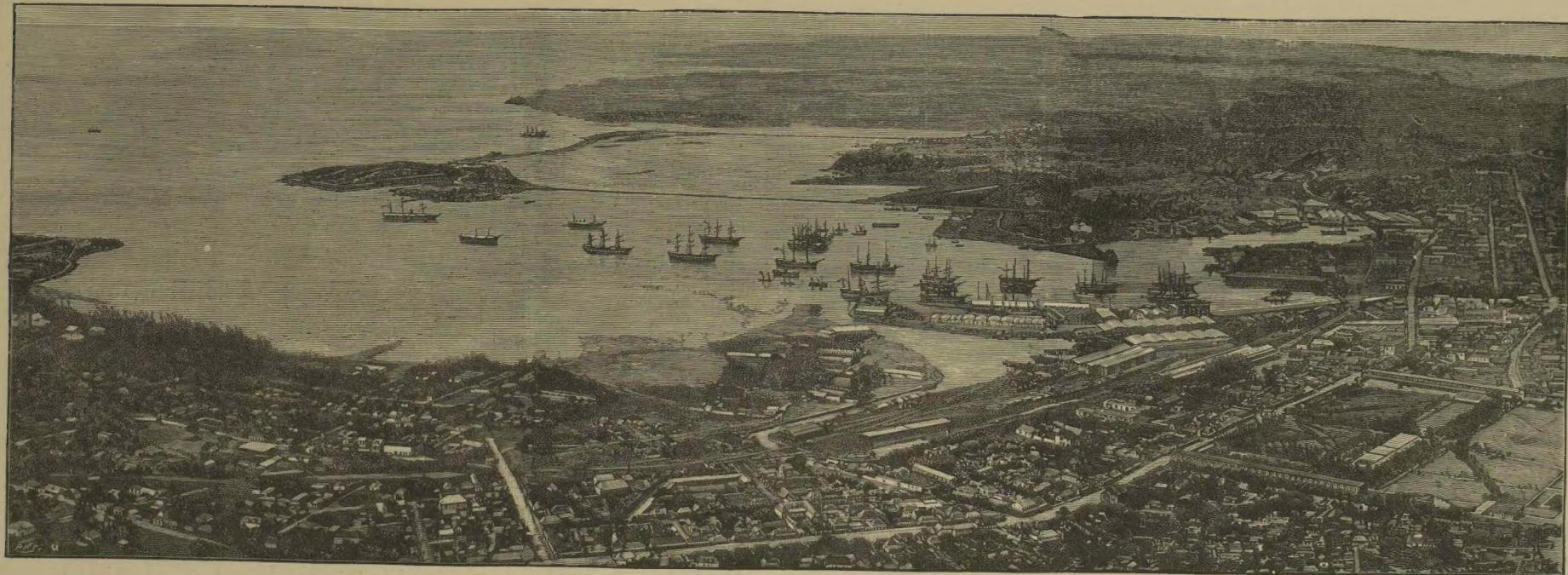


THE INNISKILLING DRAGOONS: RESCUE OF THE TRUMPETER.

The thirteenth yearly Military Tournament, held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was opened on Wednesday, May 18, and continued to attract multitudes of spectators through the following week. It was presided over by General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar; and soldiers from several of the regiments in the Home Military District, with the permission of Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, took part in the performances, some of which were instructive as well as surprising and entertaining. Neither the Royal Horse Guards nor the Life Guards could, on this occasion, contribute to the exhibition; but the most popular spectacle, that of the "musical ride" of cavalry, was supplied by the 17th Lancers (Duke of Cambridge's Own), with a complicated novel series of evolutions, trotting and cantering, executed by thirty-six troopers, not in files but in half-sections, whose intricate movements were performed with the neatest precision; and the effect, with their lances in hand and pennons waving, excited much admiration. A detachment of the Inniskilling Dragoons, directed by Mr. Shawyer, their acting riding-master, appeared in white sun-helmets and "putties," as on active service in South Africa; they were supposed to be on the march, and to have halted and pitched their camp, when they were suddenly attacked by a native enemy; mounting quickly, and jumping a fence, they made their horses lie down, got under cover, and fired volleys from their carbines, to keep off the enemy while their camp was removed; this action was so represented as to give a lively idea of such warfare. An incident that pleased many spectators was the adventure of the small trumpeter, who, being unable to mount his horse, was left behind, defending himself with his revolver against two ferocious savages, until his comrades returned to rescue him. The 20th Hussars, under Lieutenant Hall, riding-master, also bore part in the programme of these performances. The combined display of all arms, cavalry, artillery, engineers, and infantry, representing the passage of a river by a pontoon bridge, the fortification of the bridge-head, its attack and defence, with an armour-shielded Maxim gun on a railway, and with signalling apparatus and war-balloons, was quite a study in the modern art of war.



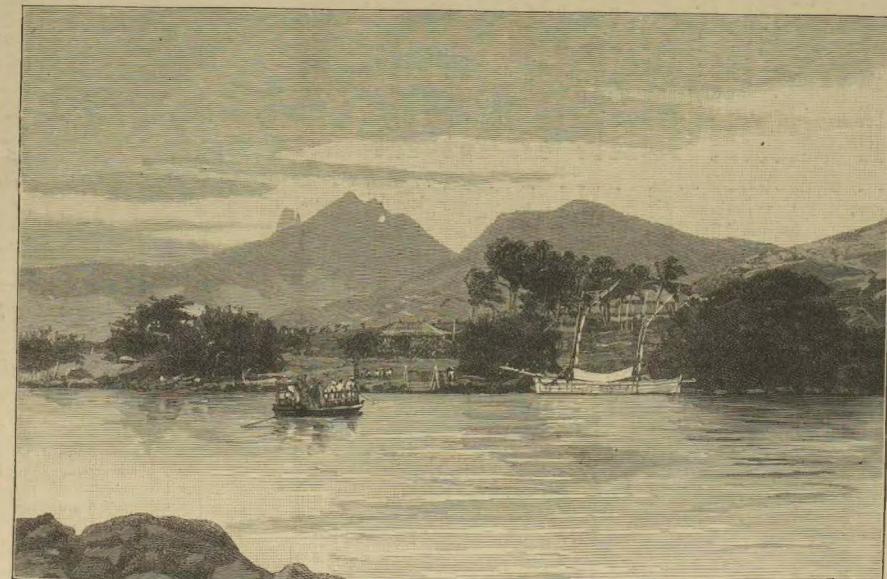
MUSICAL DOUBLE RIDE OF THE 17TH LANCERS.



PORT LOUIS. THE CHIEF TOWN (A THIRD PART DESTROYED BY THE HURRICANE, APRIL 29).



BAIE DU CAP.



CHASSE-MARÉE LOADING SUGAR FOR PORT LOUIS.

THE RECENT DESTRUCTIVE HURRICANE IN THE ISLAND OF MAURITIUS.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen, who arrived at Balmoral on Saturday afternoon, May 21, is to stay there until June 23 or 24, when her Majesty will return to Windsor Castle for a residence of three weeks, after which the Court is to proceed to Osborne until the end of August.

Her Majesty will probably (says *Truth*) pay a visit to the Comte and Comtesse de Paris at Stowe about the first week in July. The Queen is to travel by special train from Windsor to Buckingham, and drive thence to Stowe, where she will lunch, returning to Windsor early in the evening.

The bells at Windsor were rung on May 24, and a royal salute was fired in the Long Walk in celebration of the Queen's seventy-third birthday. The town was decked with flags, and the municipal banner was displayed upon the Guildhall. In the evening, the Mayor, Alderman Brown, and the Corporation gave a banquet. At Portsmouth, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught celebrated the Queen's birthday by giving their first garden party on the lawn of Government House. The guests, who numbered nearly a thousand, included the Earl of Northbrook, the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, many county families, and a number of naval and military officers. During the afternoon the bands of the Inniskilling Fusiliers and the Yorkshire Regiment played alternately.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, and Princesses Victoria and Maud left Charing Cross on Sunday night, May 22, for Dover, en route to Copenhagen, on a visit to the King and Queen of Denmark, to attend the celebration of the Golden Wedding.

There is a general assumption that the Dissolution will come about the first week in July, though Mr. Balfour is still proof against interrogation. Of the Government measures, the Small Holdings Bill is practically in port; the Irish Education Bill has still to be discussed in detail, and the Local Government Bill is a derelict. The second reading was passed by a large majority after one of the dreariest debates on record. A universal conviction that the Bill would never become law robbed the discussion of reality, though Mr. Chamberlain made a brilliant effort to put life into a dead horse. Politicians are thinking much more of the General Election, of Lord Salisbury's curious attitude in regard to Fair Trade, and of the coming Convention in Ulster than of a measure which was virtually killed the very day it was introduced to the world.

A debate on Mr. Shaw Lefevre's proposal to establish what is popularly called "one man, one vote" was rather academic. The resolution was met by a counterblast in favour of a readjustment of the whole Parliamentary representation according to population. This would mean a considerable reduction of the Irish vote, a contingency vigorously resented by the Nationalists. Probably no Parliamentary reform will come for some time, except in the shape of a Home Rule Bill which will swallow up all the minor experiments which are due on Wednesday afternoons.

The House of Commons has been regaled with a specimen of Welsh obstruction. In the Grand Committee on Law the Clergy Discipline Bill has been resisted by a little knot of Welsh members, who have made a resolute stand for no reason which is intelligible to the rest of mankind. It is reported that they are encouraged in this course by a number of their fellow-countrymen, who have some motive for objecting to additional powers for the punishment of defaulting parsons. Mr. Gladstone has spent much time in a vain attempt to make these Welshmen see the folly of their ways, a spectacle which has some interest for the student of Mr. Gladstone's uniform vitality. Apart from that, the struggle in the Grand Committee seemed a senseless waste of time.

Lord Salisbury reiterated at Hastings what he calls his warning to the constituencies that Ulster will resist Home Rule by force of arms. The reply is that the only Irish counties which are in a position to undertake such a policy are Down and Antrim, and that they are not likely to withstand the authority, not only of an Irish Parliament, but also of the Crown. Lord Salisbury started a fresh issue for the General Election by declaring in favour of a retaliatory tariff. He proposes that duties shall be levied on certain articles of luxury, like wine, silk, gloves, and lace, with a view to coercing France, for example, into granting more favourable terms to British goods. This reaction towards Protection has excited amazement and disapprobation among the Liberal Unionists, and in his own party Lord Salisbury has no enthusiastic adherent except Mr. Howard Vincent.

Speaking at Huddersfield, Mr. Morley vigorously assailed the Prime Minister's economics, and had an easy task in showing that a retaliatory tariff would simply make foreign Protection more rigid than ever at the cost of deranging British industry. Mr. Morley drily suggested that, if Lord Salisbury's policy were to become practical, the first person to say goodbye to the Tory leader would be Mr. Goschen. Except in Sheffield, the Fair Trade heresy has no real hold on the working classes, and there are not a dozen Unionist candidates who will venture to proclaim it on the platform.

Lord Salisbury's "warning" about Ulster is not strong enough for the Duke of Argyll, who said at a Unionist meeting in London practically what Lord Randolph once said, that "Ulster would fight, and Ulster would be right." According to the Duke of Argyll, Home Rule will dissolve the allegiance of Ulster Protestants to the Crown, and they will be perfectly justified in insurrection. This doctrine does not find unanimous support among the Unionists. It was formerly stigmatised by Sir Henry James as treason. In a recent speech at Cardiff Sir Henry cautiously supported the "warning" theory, but he is not likely to follow the fiery lead of the Duke of Argyll.

Mr. Gladstone, who declined to receive a deputation from the London Trades Council on the question of the eight hours day, has since written to Mr. George Shipton requesting a statement of the views which the deputation desired to lay before him. This is regarded, not without reason, as a tactical change of front. If Mr. Gladstone is willing to read an argument in favour of the eight hours day, why is he unwilling to listen to it? The labour party will be a potent factor in the elections, and Mr. Gladstone is naturally anxious to carry conciliation, at all events in form, as far as he can. This is the business of the tactician, especially on the eve of a pitched battle.

Mr. Mather, M.P., has made an important proposal in reference to eight hours. He suggests that Parliament shall recognise the miners' unions as corporate bodies, with power to adopt an eight hours day by a majority. Should this be done, the wishes of the miners would be accepted by the employers as a basis for an arrangement. In this way the trade option resolution of the Trades Union Congress would be applied to mines. Mr. Mather's idea finds growing favour with the Liberal Party, and it will surprise nobody to see Mr. Gladstone formally incorporate it in the programme which will soon be unfolded in Midlothian.

The Town Holdings Committee has reported against the principle of taxing ground rents, but in favour of the division of rates between landlord and occupier. The argument of the Committee is that this will not practically alter the present system. It is urged that rents are already so adjusted that the ground landlord pays his quota of the local burdens, and that when he pays it directly and openly rents will be regulated just the same. Probably most people are quite ready to have this theory put to a very simple test. Let the Duke of Westminster be directly rated on his enormous property, and see whether his rents would rise in proportion.

The quarrel over the management of the *Freeman's Journal* ended, suddenly, in an almost unanimous agreement. Mr. Dillon and Mr. Healy had fiercely assailed each other, but Mr. Healy seconded the motion which made Mr. Dillon chairman of the company. Irish disputes are apt to be as brief as lovers' quarrels, and just when you are convinced that two public men can never act together again they fall on each other's necks. Some day Mr. Healy and Colonel Saunderson may be fiery confederates in an Assembly on College Green.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council dismissed the appeal on behalf of the murderer Deeming. There was no ground to interfere with the verdict of the colonial Court. The affidavits made on the prisoner's behalf could not have been regarded, even by his solicitor, as calculated to influence the judges. This remarkable solicitor, by the way, has appealed to Ibsen's "Ghosts"—an example which will scarcely be followed by lawyers engaged in criminal cases.

A remarkable feat of engineering has been performed on the Great Western Railway. An army of five thousand workmen was employed to remove the broad gauge, which has been found incompatible with the rest of the system on this line. It ensured a high rate of speed and comfortable travelling, but it interfered with the uniformity of the goods traffic. The workmen were stimulated by a liberal allowance of tobacco and barley-water.

Lord George Hamilton entertained a number of his fellow-legislators at Portsmouth, where there was an impressive display of naval shipbuilding, followed by experiments with torpedoes. The First Lord of the Admiralty was animated by the laudable desire to show the Parliamentary critic what progress in the construction of big warships has been made. If he could only ensure their utility when they are made, all would be well. Unfortunately, experience shows that even in the matter of boilers the Admiralty is an untrustworthy prophet.

A bishop's lawn sleeves may be as perilous an article of costume in the pulpit as the muslin skirts of an opera-dancer too near the footlights on the stage. On Friday evening, May 20, at Walsall, Dr. Perowne, the Bishop of Worcester, during a confirmation service, was in danger of inadvertently "giving his body to be burned," in a manner not commanded by apostolic precept or required of confessors and martyrs. A candle on the reading-desk set fire to his lordship's sleeve. The churchwarden rushed up the pulpit stairs, and extinguished the flames, which the bishop had not even perceived. It would have been much better if the churchwarden had provided safer lamps—not paraffin, however, which might have been knocked off, and have poured blazing liquid among the congregation. Sydney Smith once said, when railway carriages were occasionally destroyed by fire, that there would be no safety for ordinary passengers until a bishop was burnt. The witty canon meant that no less shocking calamity would rouse the official mind to amend bad customs and arrangements on the live. We are sincerely thankful for the escape of so good a bishop from such a dreadful death.

The French Chamber of Deputies has been occupied with Government legislative proposals to punish those who threaten or incite dynamite outrages, those who attempt to seduce soldiers from their allegiance, and those who publish seditious writings; also to increase the number of police magistrates in Paris. In reply to M. Lavy, who demanded that the repressive measures should be applied only to perpetrators or instigators of terrorist outrages, not to professors of theoretical Anarchist doctrines, the Prime Minister, M. Loubet, declared that he could not see exactly where the line of distinction was to be drawn; a man who sought, at any cost, to excite people to war against society, was not to be regarded as a theorist or philosopher. On the question of the expulsion of foreigners connected with the Anarchist conspiracy, M. Loubet said: "We cannot admit that when we have in our hands the proofs of an international organisation mainly composed of foreigners, these foreigners or their countrymen should be allowed to come into our country, into our capital, and into our large towns to establish their centre of action, to start movements, and to provoke a series of crimes which revolt the public conscience and threaten all our liberties." Speaking with special significance to the Republican majority, he pointed out that if the Republic was ever to run serious dangers, these dangers would have their origin especially in the propagation and practice of Anarchist doctrines. It is worthy of note that M. Dericourt, the Bonapartist, following the Republican Minister, spoke forcibly in support of the Government action with regard to Anarchist crimes, and a vote of 456 against 27 expressed the approval of the Chamber.

The new institution called the Labour Exchange, in a building, constructed at a cost of two million francs by the Municipality of Paris, situated in the Rue du Château d'Eau and the Boulevard Magenta, was opened by M. Santon, President of the Municipality, on Sunday, May 22. It will be under the management of delegates of 230 working-men's trade unions, and may become an important political agency; but its ostensible purpose is to assist the discussion of industrial problems, the settlement of disputes with employers, and the registration of terms and offers of employment. The Labour Party claim that it ought to be supported by a subsidy from the State.

The result of the municipal elections in all the Departments of France shows an immensely increased majority of Republicans, who now prevail in more than two-thirds of the local councils throughout the whole country. Many influential Catholics have formally abandoned the Royalist Party. The latest example is that of M. de Mun, who was an eminent Royalist and president of the "Union of Christian France." That political association is now dissolved, in consequence of the Pope's injunctions to Catholics to withdraw henceforth from acts of hostility to the French Republic.

Some incidents on the borders of the French Colonial dominions, both in North and in West Africa, simultaneously invite attention. The Sultan of Morocco is sending an expedition to compel payment of tribute in the Tast cases, near the Algerian frontier. The French war with Dahomey promises to demand a considerable effort, under conditions not unlike those of our Ashantees war twenty years ago. In the interior of Africa the region around Lake Tchad has been explored from the Niger by two French expeditions, under Commandant Monteil and Lieutenant Mizon respectively, from whom very satisfactory reports have reached Paris. This region lies

beyond the limits of exclusive influence assigned to the British Royal Niger Company. While the expedition of Commandant Monteil has traversed Sokoto and Bornou, important Mohammedan States, without opposition, that of Lieutenant Mizon, from Yola, has explored a country hitherto unknown as far as Comsas, on the Sangha, where it was met on April 24 by M. de Brazza, the chief administrator of the French Congo territory. Geographical science will hence gain an exact knowledge of the relative positions of the Niger and Congo basins, while treaties with many native chiefs are being arranged to secure French influence in that region. These exploits were celebrated in Paris, on May 13, at a banquet of the French African Committee, presided over by Prince d'Armenberg, and attended by the Colonial Secretary and his predecessor in office.

The resolutions for those important fundamental changes of the Belgian Constitution, to which we referred last week, concerning the election of the Senate and other matters of much political interest, have been passed by the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The Chambers are now dissolved, to be re-elected on June 14, when they will be formed into a Constituent Assembly, to discuss and adopt the finally complete scheme, which has the approval of the King.

From South America, we hear of the opening at Buenos Ayres, on May 23, of the newly elected Congress of the Argentine Republic, which was addressed by President Pellegrini in an encouraging tone; he expressed his belief that the revenue this year would probably be more than double what it was last year. In Brazil, an amnesty has been granted to political prisoners. A Brazilian ironclad, the Solimoes, carrying troops to oppose the insurrection in Matto Grosso, was wrecked on May 21 off the Uruguay coast, with the loss of 120 lives.

The funeral of General Klapka, one of the military heroes of the Hungarian struggle for constitutional liberties in 1849, renowned for his defence of the fortress of Komorn, took place at Budapest on May 20. It was attended by the Ministers of the Kingdom of Hungary, the President of the Lower House of Parliament, and many members of both Houses.

The American gentleman, Mr. Edward Parker Deacon, who shot a young Frenchman, M. Emile Abeille, in the hotel at Cannes, having found him, under suspicious circumstances, with Mrs. Deacon, has been convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, by the Criminal Court at Nice. X.

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PERSONAL.

The death of Major-General Noble removes one of our foremost experts in gunnery. He was grandson of Archbishop

Ne w c o m e, Primate of All Ireland, and was born in 1834. All through his military life he has been engaged in the writing of books on artillery and engineering, and he has invented several scientific instruments which are used in making guns and powder. His appointment to the staff of the Director-General of Ordnance was made in 1868, and up to 1876

The Queen, who completed her seventy-third year on May 24, having been born in the year 1819, has, says the *Times*, been exceeded in age by two only of the Sovereigns of England—namely, George II., who lived seventy-seven years, and George III., who attained the age of eighty-two. On June 20 next her Majesty will have reigned over the United Kingdom fifty-five years, having succeeded to the throne on the death of her uncle King William IV. on June 20, 1837. This length of reign has been exceeded by two only of our British monarchs—Henry III., who reigned for fifty-six years, and George III., whose sway lasted for nearly sixty years. The Queen is the oldest reigning sovereign, with the exception of the King of Denmark, who is about a year older than her Majesty. The Queen has now been a widow over thirty years, the Prince Consort having died on Dec. 14, 1861.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. NOBLE.

he took part in the work of nearly all the Ordnance Committees. Later on he paid a visit to the States as British Judge of Weapons at the Centennial Exhibition, and he then made an interesting tour, in the course of which he visited nearly all the arsenals and military magazines in the country. His first period of active service occurred on the outbreak of the Afghan War in 1878, when he was appointed staff officer of the siege train of the Candahar field force. He subsequently marched with it across the Sind Desert and through the Bolan. He came to England, and to active and varied work on Ordnance, his record being rounded off with his nomination as Superintendent of the Royal Gunpowder Factory at Waltham Abbey. Large stores of prismatic gunpowder were made at Waltham after his designs. His useful and active career came to a close on May 17, and was due to a fresh attack of the cholera he contracted in the last Afghan War.

A very curious development has just been completed in the Women's Liberal Federation, which has been holding its annual conference in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, with a soirée and a public demonstration to relieve the monotony. Mr. Gladstone's letter and the recent debates on Woman Suffrage have vitally altered the complexion of the Federation. For some time, owing, it is said, to a tacit understanding with Mrs. Gladstone, the Federation has practically excluded Woman Suffrage from its programme. The minority of suffragists, however, powerfully led by Lady Carlisle, Mrs. Wynford Phillips, and Mrs. Eva McLaren, have worked steadily till they could command a majority on the executive. They then insisted on adding their favourite subject to the list of Federation "objects." The old majority, become a minority, then retired, and left the victors in possession of the field.

Then began another battle. Mrs. Gladstone is president of the Federation, and is, of course, like her husband, opposed to Woman Suffrage. It was, however, essential for the victorious party to retain her in her position, and, after some diplomatising, which included an interview between Mr. Gladstone and Lady Carlisle, this object was attained. On the other hand, the suffragist party had to abate its more extreme claims and to declare that, though the Federation favoured the woman voter, the question should not be made a test one at the General Election. On this basis the Federation, having got rid of the dissentients, had elected a new executive, of the suffragist stamp, with Lady Aberdeen, who has played a neutral and tactful part throughout, in the chair.

The debate on Woman Suffrage in the Federation, at which all these movements were brought to a head, was a very successful affair. The chief figure in it was Lady Carlisle, who delivered two long speeches, either of which would really have taken rank as a finished oration. She spoke bare-headed and without gloves, and amid a rather dazzling array of millinery, and in a clear, sonorous voice that reached to the farther limits of the great hall. Her speeches carried practically the whole meeting with her, and when the decisive resolution was put only a dozen wavering hands were timidly held up against it. The other orator of the occasion was handsome Mrs. Wynford Phillips, wife of the member for Lanark, who with great freedom of gesture and power of epigram treated the audience to ten minutes of clear ringing speech. In the evening of the same day the victors celebrated their triumph by a soirée at St. Martin's Hall, at which Lady Carlisle was again the central figure.

A very brilliant fencer—probably the most brilliant in the world—has just made his bow to an English public in the person of Cavaliere Eugenio Pini, who is believed to be more than the equal of the famous French maîtres d'armes, and who has given some extraordinary exhibitions in London of his marvellous quickness of hand and sight and the exquisite grace as well as deadly precision of his style. Cavaliere Pini crossed swords at St. Martin's Hall with Mr. Frank Hicks, an English amateur of really fine quality, though, of course, hardly in Pini's class. Cavaliere Pini's present tour has been mainly confined to the chief London fencing schools, but it is hoped that next time he visits us the wonderful Italian will give a full display of his unequalled powers, especially as fencing is fast becoming an English fashion.

The Golden Wedding of the King and Queen of Denmark, which is being so auspiciously celebrated in Copenhagen, has, among its many pleasant incidental features, the presentation to their Majesties by the Danes of London of a fine gold casket, containing an illuminated address. The casket was designed and executed by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of New Bond Street. It is oblong in form, and along the bottom runs a border of Danish oak-leaves, above which are three panels, the centre containing the royal arms of Denmark, and on either side their Majesties' monograms entwined in a laurel wreath; two figures are seated at either side, representing Peace and Plenty. On the reverse are three panels, the centre containing a short Danish inscription, with the years 1842 and 1892 on each side, the whole surmounted by a seated figure of Britannia, with emblems of Navigation, &c., and the flags of England and Denmark at her feet.

The Birthday Honours are mainly distributed among hard-working officials in one or another of the Government departments. Two exceptions are Mr. Francis Sharp Powell, who becomes a baronet, and the City Remembrancer, Mr. Alderman Cotton, who is knighted. Both these gentlemen have had to wait a long time for their distinctions. Sir Francis Powell has represented the country interest in the House of Commons for many years, and Sir William Cotton has borne civic dignities, and even poetic fame, for more than a generation.

Mr. Henry Wiggin shares with Mr. Powell the honours of the new baronetcies. Mr. Wiggin is a Birmingham man, and has been mayor of that town. He is a director of the Midland Railway Company, and this is presumably the cause of his elevation, for in these days all manner of delicate attentions are showered by exalted personages on railway directors. This is all the more striking in Mr. Wiggin's case at the present moment, because he is a follower of Mr. Gladstone. In 1868 he was a Liberal Unionist, but subsequently rejoined his old leader. That he should have been recommended to the Queen for a baronetcy may be reckoned to Lord Salisbury's credit on the score of magnanimity.

Mr. Gladstone has accepted the office of President of the Section of Archæo Greece and the East at the Great International Congress of Orientalists, which is to be held in London in September next. The Congress will be opened in person by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and the sessions will be presided over by Professor Max Müller. The India Office is lending its support to the Congress, and the leading Orientalists of Europe are expected to be present.

Mr. Morley stated at Huddersfield that if he were a betting-man he would give odds of 100 to 1 on the Dissolution taking place before the end of the first week in July. That is understood to be the result of an informal decision of the Ministry, the effect of which has practically been communicated to the leaders of the Opposition. The Government will not, of course, make any formal announcement to the House, which has no title to receive the news of an approaching election, but the arrangement of business is fast reducing the date of dissolution to an open secret. Mr. Schindhorst, by-the-way, calculates that the Liberals will win ten seats in London, ten in Lancashire, and the balance, say from thirty to forty, in Scotland and the English counties.

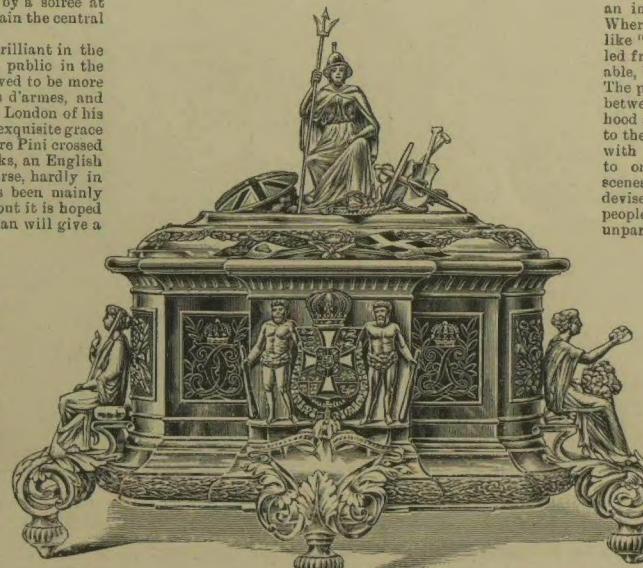
Mrs. Langtry is said to be contemplating the purchase of a small stable of racehorses.

The Authors' Club is now to be reckoned with as an established London institution, having taken premises at No. 17, St. James's Place, S.W. It is singular in being based upon a limited liability company, whose directors are Lord Monkswell, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Henry Tedder, and Mr. Oswald Crawford (chairman). The holding of a share by a duly qualified person constitutes membership, while non-shareholding candidates are to be elected by a very strong general committee, composed of eminent authors, scientific and recreative, and of notable journalists. Writers desiring to become members may obtain information from the secretary to the club.

Sir Edwin Landseer's "The Monarch of the Glen," which was reproduced in our last week's issue on account of its having been recently sold for 6900 guineas, was purchased by Mr. Thomas J. Barratt (of Messrs. Pears), who is also the owner of Cox's "Vale of Clwyd."

OUR PORTRAITS.

The portraits of the Queen of Denmark and the Crown Prince and Prince Waldemar are from photographs by Mr. E. Holmberg, of Copenhagen; that of the King of Greece by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.; and that of the Princess of Wales by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury Street, S.W.



GOLD CASKET PRESENTED BY THE DANES IN LONDON TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The clever and well-written caricature called "The Poet and the Puppets," which has brought the authors—Mr. Charles Brookfield and Mr. J. M. Glover, to say nothing of the actor Mr. Charles Hawtrey—into such repute at the Comedy Theatre, deserves a note of explanation. It is assumed that some change has been made in the rules of the Lord Chamberlain's department to allow of the kind of chaff on the stage that is freely admitted into *Punch* and all the best comic journals. But I can see no alteration in the rule whatever. It is for the person caricatured to object, not for the Examiner to assume that he will object. So far, Mr. Gladstone has never objected to be represented on the stage as a venerable wood-cutter with exaggerated collars. He can afford to laugh at himself so represented as much in a pantomime as in the admirable cartoons of Mr. Harry Furniss. It is the same with Lord Randolph Churchill and most other public characters. But once there is a suspicion of offence, once there is a sign of sensitiveness, once the person caricatured has good or bad grounds for complaint, there comes an amicable conference between the manager of the theatre and Mr. Pigott, and very soon a convenient way is found out of difficulty. There is an instance on record where Mr. Henry Irving did object, and very strongly object, to what he considered an offensive caricature of himself on the stage. It was at once stopped, as the "Poet's" caricature would be stopped if the Poet desired it. But the Poet does not desire it; he considers it a very valuable advertisement; he hopes that the esteemed caricature will be the means of "encouraging the cultus of the Master." So, as matters stand, Box and Cox are satisfied. Mr. Hawtrey, wise in his generation, took the sensible course of consulting the "Master" in the first instance. The puppet knelt humbly at the feet of the Poet. But the Poet's objections were merely devoted to matters of family tradition. He very properly and sensibly objected to the use of names in the matter. The authors might hint what they like, but declare nothing. The only bone of contention was the fine old family Irish name of "O'Flahertie." This was the cont-tail on which no one was allowed to tread. The blood of all the O'Flaherties would have been up if anyone dared to take liberties with this ancient and honourable title. So the easy substitution of "O'Flanagan" for "O'Flahertie" settled the matter very amicably, so far as the Poet was concerned. We are not, of course, told what the O'Flanagans have to say about the matter. The substitution was no doubt made on the principle that "exchange is no robbery." At any rate, the knobbed sticks of the O'Flanagans have not been heard rattling on the benches of the Comedy Theatre. By this time, no doubt, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Alexander, Miss Marion Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Brerbohm Tree, and all the rest of them have been to the Comedy to see how Mr. Brookfield and Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Eric Lewis "take them off," and nobody is a penny the worse for the proceeding. Mr. Brookfield has written some capital verses, Mr. Glover has admirably set them to music, and Mr. Charles Hawtrey is voted to be "immense" as the lachaladious man of culture who is never indifferent to a big, bold advertisement.

The French Plays have made an admirable start with "Thermidor" at the Opéra Comique, and I am very much surprised that Sardon's play has not already been seen on the English stage. With the help of first-class acting and able stage management, of crowds, music, and general allurement, "Thermidor" would hold its own by reason of the strength of its story, its simplicity, its directness, and its pathos. When our London managers have left off coqueting with the irreconcilables and will listen to the voice of their patrons, the public, perhaps they will come to the conclusion that the play which, being written for the theatre, is "theatrical," is not on that account to be despised. All this rubbish about "conventionality" and "old-world forms" and "exploded ideas" and "new schools" is not only emptying our theatres but is driving our cleverest writers for the stage into an ambush from which they will with difficulty extricate themselves. Nothing in existence is more old-fashioned than human nature, and it will take a pretty long and strong fork to expel it. The Ibsen bubble was blown out of innumerable clay pipes, and it exploded in the air. The Maeterlinck bubble burst before it got out of the pipe's bowl. As Mr. Pigott very happily put it the other day, "All the heroines of the new drama were either dissatisfied spinsters, or married women who were in a chronic state of rebellion, not only against all the conditions which Nature had imposed on their sex, but against all the social and moral restraints applicable to mothers and wives. All the male characters were either rascals or imbeciles." This view has been so thoroughly endorsed by the public that the Ibsen boom has ended in collapse. In fact, the name of Ibsen is now enough to empty a theatre, and the mention of an imitator drives the public in shoals to the music-hall. Wherefore we welcome a strong, nervous, well-written play like "Thermidor." The people breathe again when they are led from the Morgue into the fresh air. Corruption is inevitable, but healthy life is not to be despised while it lasts to us. The public, I am sure, would sooner see that powerful scene between Martial and Fabienne—the man proclaiming his manhood and the woman her faith; they would sooner be stirred to the quick by the martyr-like end of the faithless novice, with her scornful rejection of the idea of impurity to one who was pure, than all the conversations and scenes between diseased men and cantankerous women ever devised by all the brains in Scandinavia. Why will these people refuse to be guided by facts? Last week an event almost unparalleled occurred in modern dramatic history. Shakspeare was played at three London West-End theatres to paying houses. "Hamlet," "Henry VIII.," and "Othello" were presented at two theatres of the first importance and at one theatre of the people. Those with half a guinea in their pockets and those with only sixpence or a shilling to spend all went to see Shakspeare and enjoy him. What is the matter with William Shakspeare? Is he too conventional, theatrical, and old-fashioned? Is his human nature played out? I opine not. Let the managers close their ears to these charmers, charm they never so wisely. The time may come when the theatre will be turned into the debating society and preachers will be accepted instead of players, but that undesirable hour has not yet arrived.

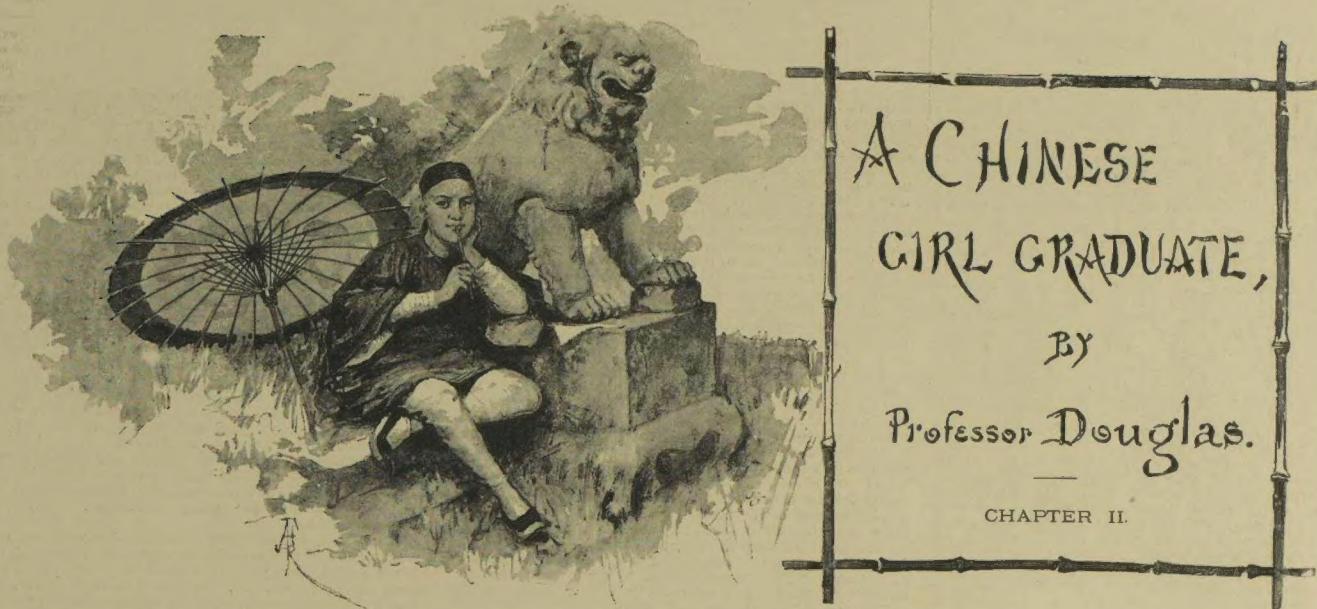
Go and see "Thermidor," you playgoers! Go and hear Coquelin speak, you actors and actresses, and then you will see what is the matter with the English stage! The public—mark me!—has found it out long ago. But you all remember the story of the ostrich who buried his beak in the sand and concluded he was unobserved. It is as well to look the matter straight in the face.



"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY"—MAY 24, 1892.

H.R.H. VICTORIA MARIA LOUISA, DUCHESS OF KENT, AND HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF THREE YEARS.

BY SIR W. BEECHEY, R.A.



With impatient hope, Jasmine took leave of her father, and started on her eventful journey. As evening drew on she entered the suburbs of Ch'engtu, the provincial capital, and sent "The Dragon" on to find a suitable inn for the couple of nights which she knew she would be compelled to spend in the city. "The Dragon" was successful in his search, and conducted Jasmine and his wife to a comfortable hospitable in one of the busiest parts of the town. Having refreshed herself with an excellent dinner, Jasmine was glad to rest from the fatigues and heat of the day in the cool courtyard into which her room opened. Fortune and builders had so arranged that a neighbouring house, towering above the inn, overlooked this restful spot, and one of the higher windows faced exactly the position which Jasmine had taken up. Such a fact would not, in ordinary circumstances, have troubled her in the least; but she had not been sitting long before she began to feel an extraordinary attraction towards the window. She did her best to look the other way, but she was often unconsciously impelled to glance up at the lattice. Once she fancied she saw the curtain move. Determined to verify her impression, she suddenly raised her eyes, after a prolonged contemplation of the pavement, and caught a momentary sight of a girl's face, which as instantly disappeared, but not before Jasmine had been able to recognise that it was one of exceptional beauty.

"Now, if I were a young man," said she to herself, "I ought to feel my heart beat at the sight of such loveliness, and it would be my bounden duty to swear that I would win the owner of it in the teeth of dragons. But as my manhood goes no deeper than my outer garments, I can afford to sit here with a quiet pulse and a whole skin."

The next day Jasmine was busily engaged in interviewing some officials in the interest of her father, and only reached the shelter of her inn towards evening. As she passed through the courtyard she instinctively looked up at the window, and again caught a glimpse of the vision of beauty which she had seen the evening before. "If she only knew," thought Jasmine, "that I was such a one as herself, she would be less anxious to see me, and more likely avoid me."

While amusing herself at the thought of the fair watcher, the inn-door opened, and a waiting woman entered carrying a small box. As she approached Jasmine she bowed low, and with bated breath thus addressed her—

"May every happiness be yours, Sir. My young lady, Miss King, whose humble dwelling is the adjoining house, seeing that you are living in solitude, has sent me with this fruit and tea as a complimentary offering."

So saying, she presented to Jasmine the box, which contained pears and a packet of scented tea.

"To what am I indebted for this honour?" replied Jasmine; "I can claim no relationship with your lady, nor have I the honour of her acquaintance."

"My young lady says," answered the waiting woman, "that among the myriads who come to this inn and the thousands who go from it she has seen no one to equal your Excellency in form and feature. At sight of you she was confident that you came from a lofty and noble family, and having learnt from your attendants that you are the son of a colonel, she ventured to send you these trifles to supplement the needy fare of this rude inn."

"Tell me something about your young lady," said Jasmine, in a moment of idle curiosity.

"My young lady," said the woman, "is the daughter of Mr. King, who was a vice-president of a lower court. Her father and mother having both visited the 'Yellow Springs,'* she is now living with an aunt, who has been blessed by the God of Wealth, and whose main object in life is to find a husband whom her niece may be willing to marry. The young gentleman, my young lady's cousin, is one of the richest men in Ch'engtu. All the larger inns belong to him, and his

profits are as boundless as the four seas. He is as anxious as his mother to find a suitable match for the young lady, and has promised that so soon as she can make a choice he will arrange the wedding."

"I should have thought," said Jasmine, "that, being the owner of so much wealth and beauty, the young lady would have been besieged by suitors from all parts of the empire."

"So she is," said the woman, "and from her window yonder she spies them, for they all put up at this inn. Hitherto she has made fun of them all, and describes their appearance and habits in the most amusing way. 'See this one,' says she, 'with his bachelor cap on and his new official clothes and awkward gait, looking for all the world like a barn-door fowl dressed up as a stork; or that one, with his round shoulders, monkey face, and crooked legs; and so she tells them off.'

"What does she say of me, I wonder!" said Jasmine, amused.

"Of your Excellency, she says that her comparisons fail her, and that she can only hope that the Fates who guided your jewelled chariot hitherto will not tantalise her by an empty vision, but will bind your ankles to hers with the red matrimonial cords."

"How can I hope for such happiness?" said Jasmine, smiling. "But please to tell your young lady that, being only a guest at this inn, I have nothing worthy of her acceptance

to offer in return for her bounteous gifts, and I can only assure her of my boundless gratitude."

With many bows, and with reiterated wishes for Jasmine's happiness and endless longevity, the woman took her leave.

"Truly this young lady has formed a most perverted attachment," said Jasmine to herself. "She reminds me of the man in the fairy tale who fell in love with a shadow, and, so far as I can see, she is not likely to get any more satisfaction out of it than he did." So saying, she took up a pencil and scribbled the following lines on a scrap of paper—

With thoughts as ardent as a quenchless thirst,
She sends me fragrant and most luscious fruit;
Without a blush she seeks a phoenix guest;†
Who dwells alone like case-enclosed lute.

After this mental effort Jasmine went to bed. Nor had her interview with the waiting-woman made a sufficient impression on her mind to interfere in any way with her sleep. She was surprised, however, on coming into her sitting-room in the morning, to meet the same messenger, who, laden with a dish of hot eggs and a brew of tea, begged Jasmine "to deign to look down upon her offerings."

"Many thanks," said Jasmine, "for your kind attention."

"You are putting the saddle on the wrong horse," replied the woman. "In bringing you these I am but obeying the orders of Miss King, who herself made the tea of leaves from

† A bachelor.



So saying, she presented to Jasmine the box, which contained pears and a packet of scented tea.



As she passed through the courtyard she instinctively looked up at the window, and again caught a glimpse of the vision of beauty which she had seen the evening before.

Pu-erh in Yunnan, and who with her own fair hands shelled the eggs."

"Your young lady," answered Jasmine, "is as bountiful as she is kind. What return can I make her for her kindness to a stranger? Stay," she said, as the thought crossed her mind that the verses she had written the night before might prove a wholesome tonic for this effusive young lady, "I have a few verses which I will venture to ask her to accept." So saying, she took a piece of peach-blossom paper, on which she carefully copied the quatrain and handed it to the woman. "May I trouble you," said she, "to take this to your mistress?"

"If," said Jasmine to herself as the woman took her departure, "Miss King is able to penetrate the meaning of my verses, she won't like them. Without saying so in so many words, I have told her with sufficient plainness that I will have nothing to say to her. But stupidity is a shield sent by Providence to protect the greater part of mankind from many evils; so perhaps she will escape."

It certainly in this case served to shield Miss King from Jasmine's shafts. She was delighted at receiving the verses, and at once sat down to compose a quatrain to match Jasmine's in reply. With infinite labour she elaborated the following—

Sung Yuh on th' eastern wall sat deep in thought,
And longed with Pi to pluck the fragrant fruit.
If all the well-known tunes be newly set,
What use to take again the half-burnt lute?

Having copied these on a piece of silk-woven paper, she sent them to Jasmine by her faithful attendant. On looking over the paper, Jasmine said, smiling: "What a clever young lady your mistress must be! These lines, though somewhat inconsequential, are incomparable."

But, though Jasmine was partly inclined to treat the matter as a joke, she saw that there was a serious side to the affair, more especially as the colours under which she was sailing were so undeniably false. She knew well that for Sung Yuh should be read Miss King, and for Pi her own name, and she determined, therefore, to put an end to the philandering of Miss King, which, in her present state of mind, was doubly annoying to her.

"I am deeply indebted to your young lady," she said, and then, being determined to make a plunge into the morsels of untruthfulness, for a good end as she believed, added: "and, if I had love at my disposal, I should possibly venture to make advances towards the feathery peach"; but let me confess to you that I have already taken to myself a wife. Had I had the felicity of meeting Miss King before I committed myself in another direction, I might, perhaps, have been a happier man. But, after all, if this were so, my position is no worse than that of most other married men, for I never met one who was not occasionally inclined to cry, like the boys at 'toss cash': 'Hark back and try again!'"

"This will be sad news for my lady, for she has set her heart upon you ever since you first came to the inn; and

when young misses take that sort of fancy and lose the objects of their love they are as bad as children when forbidden their sugar-plums. But what's the use of talking to you about a young lady's feelings!" said the woman, with a vexed toss of her head; "I never knew a man who understood a woman yet."

"I am extremely sorry for Miss King," said Jasmine, trying to suppress a smile. "As you wisely remark, a young lady is a sealed book to me, but I have always been told that their fancies are as variable as the shadow of the bamboo, and probably, therefore, though Miss King's sky may be overcast just now, the gloom will only make her enjoy to-morrow's sunshine all the more."

The woman, who was evidently in a hurry to convey the news to her mistress, returned no answer to this last silly, but with curtained obeisance, took her departure.

Her non-appearance the next morning confirmed Jasmine in the belief that her bold departure from truth on the previous evening had had its curative effect. The relief was great, for she had felt that these complications were becoming too frequent to be pleasant, and, reprehensible though it may appear, her relief was mingled with no sort of compassion for Miss King. Hers was not a nature to sympathise with such sudden and fierce attachments. Her affection for Tu had been the growth of many months, and she had no feeling in common with a young lady who could take a violent liking for a young man simply from seeing him taking his post-prandial case. It was, therefore, with complete satisfaction that she left the inn in the course of the morning to pay her farewell visits to the Governor and the Judge of the province, who had taken an unusual interest in Colonel Wu's case since Jasmine had become his personal advocate. Both officials had promised to do all they could for the prisoner, and had loaded Jasmine with tokens of goodwill in the shape of strange and rare fruits and culinary delicacies. On this particular day the Governor had invited her to the midday meal, and it was late in the afternoon before she found her way back to the inn.

The following morning she rose early, intending to start before noon, and was stepping into the courtyard to give directions to "The Dragon" when, to her surprise, she was accosted by Miss King's servant, who, with a waggish smile and a cunning shake of the head, said—

"How can one so young as your Excellency be such a proficient in the art of inventing flowers of the imagination?"

"What do you mean?" said Jasmine.

"Why, last night you told me you were married, and my poor young lady when she heard it was wrung with grief. But, recovering somewhat, she sent me to ask your servants whether what you had said was true or not, for she knows what she's about as well as most people, and they both with one voice assured me that, far from being married, you had not even exchanged nuptial presents with anybody. You may imagine Miss King's delight when I took her this news. She at once asked her cousin to call upon you to make a formal offer of marriage, and she has now sent me to tell you that he will be here anon."

Everyone knows what it is to pass suddenly from a state of pleasurable high spirits into deep despondency, to exchange in an instant bright mental sunshine for cloud and gloom. All, therefore, must sympathise with poor Jasmine, who, believing the road before her to be smooth and clear, on a sudden became thus aware of a most troublesome and difficult obstruction. She had scarcely finished calling down anathemas on the heads of "The Dragon" and his wife, and cursing her own folly for bringing them with her, than the inn doors were thrown open, and a servant appeared carrying a long red visiting card inscribed with the name of the wealthy inn-proprietor. On the heels of this forerunner followed young Mr. King, who, with effusive bows, said, "I have ventured to pay my respects to your Excellency."

Poor Jasmine was so upset by the whole affair that she lacked some of the courtesy that was habitual to her, and in her confusion very nearly seated her guest on her right hand. Fortunately, this outrageous breach of etiquette was avoided, and the pair eventually arranged themselves in the canonical order.

"This old son of Han," began Mr. King, "would not have dared to intrude himself upon your Excellency if it were not that he has a matter of great delicacy to discuss with you. He has a niece, the daughter of Vice-President King, for whom for years he has been trying to find a suitable match. The position is peculiar, for the lady declares positively that she will not marry anyone she has not seen and approved of. Until now she has not been able to find anyone whom she would care to marry. But the presence of your Excellency has thrown a light across her path which has shown her the way to the plum groves of matrimonial felicity."

Here King paused, expecting some reply; but Jasmine was too absorbed in thought to speak, so Mr. King went on—

"This old son of Han, hearing that your Excellency is still unmarried, has taken upon himself to make a proposal of marriage to you, and to offer his niece as your 'basket and broom.' His interview with you has, he may say, shown him the wisdom of his niece's choice, and he cannot imagine a pair better suited for one another, or more likely to be happy, than your Excellency and his niece."

"I dare not be anything but straightforward with your

Worship," said Jasmine, "and I am grateful for the extraordinary affection your niece has been pleased to bestow upon me; but I cannot forget that she belongs to a family which is entitled to pass through the gate of the palace, and I fear that my rank is not sufficient for her. Besides, my father is at present under a cloud, and I am now on my way to Peking to try to release him from his difficulties. It is no time, therefore, for me to be binding myself with promises."

"As to your Excellency's first objection," replied King, "you are already the wearer of a hat with a silken tassel, and man need not be prophet to foretell that in time to come any office, either civil or military, will be within your reach. No doubt, also, your business in Peking will be quickly brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and there can be no objection, therefore, to our settling the preliminaries now, and then, on your return from the capital, we can celebrate the wedding. This will give rest and composure to my niece's mind, which is now like a disturbed sea, and will not interfere with me to think with the affair which calls you to Peking."

As King proceeded, Jasmine felt that her difficulties were on the increase. It was impossible that she should explain her position in full, and she had no sufficient reason at hand to give for rejecting the proposal made her, though, at the same time, her annoyance was not small at having such a master forced upon her at a moment when her mind was filled with anxieties. "Then," she thought to herself, "there is ahead of me that explanation which must inevitably come with Wei; so that, altogether, if it were not for the deeply rooted conviction which I have that Tu will be mine at last, when he knows what I really am, life would not be worth having. As for this inn-proprietor, if he has so little delicacy as to push his niece upon me at this crisis, I need not have any compunction regarding him; so, perhaps, my easiest way of getting out of the present hobble will be to accept his proposal and to present the box of precious ointment handed me by Wei for my sister to this ogling love-sick girl." So turning to King, she said—

"Since you, Sir, and your niece have honoured me with your regard, I dare not altogether decline your proposal, and I would therefore beg you, Sir, to hand this," she added, producing the box of ointment, "to your honourable niece, as a token of the bond between us, and to convey to her my promise that, if I don't marry her, I will never marry another lady."

Mr. King, with the greatest delight, received the box, and handing it to the waiting-woman, who stood expectant by, bade her carry it to her mistress, with the news of the engagement. Jasmine now hoped that her immediate troubles were over, but King insisted on celebrating the event by a feast, and it was not until late in the afternoon that she succeeded in making a start. Once on the road, her anxiety to reach Peking was such that she travelled night and day, "feeding on wind and lodging in water." Nor did she rest until she reached an hotel within the Hata Gate of the capital.

(To be continued.)

‡ A family of distinction.



In a restless and thoughtless mood, she took up her bow and arrow, and with unerring aim compassed the death of her victim.—CHAP. I.

MR. JOHN PORTER AT KINGSCLERE.

The person lacking a racing understanding could imagine no finer lesson on the horse and all that pertains to him than a walk round the stables at Kingsclere in company with the veteran trainer, Mr. John Porter. Here is the 'open sesame,' the veritable walking volume on the whole subject of horsecraft. During thirty three years Mr. Porter has trained for one owner or another, and he carries his memory back with ease to the days of Sir Joseph Hawley, to Blue Gown,

to the mighty horses of three decades ago. To-day he stands with few rivals, with an establishment which is one of the most perfect in the world, and with the knowledge and experience of the thorough savant. And what resources of organisation, of observation, of decision, of courage this work calls for! Only those who have been with thoroughbreds, who have undertaken the responsibilities of them, who know how they may pass in twenty-four hours from animals worth thousands of pounds to animals worth thousands of pence, can appreciate the unceasing anxiety, the constant thought, the wise anticipation which the successful trainer must command. By their fruits ye shall judge them—and six Derby winners are of the fruit that Kingsclere has borne.

If you are fortunate enough or sufficiently uncivilised to be on the spot in the early morning, when London is just going to bed after *la petite soirée musicale*, you may look up from this valley and see many little black specks standing out against the sky on the very ridge of the great range. The black specks denote men and riders out for the early morning gallops; and, coming nearer to them, you may discern a hearty, fresh-looking man on a white pony, who seems to take the most lively interest in all that is going on, and who has that peculiar and useful power of being in three or four places at one time. This is Mr. John Porter, the trainer to the Prince of Wales, to the Duke of Westminster, to Baron de Hirsch, to Lord Allington, to Sir Frederick Johnstone, and to several others. This pretty spectacle of long lines of racehorses, each in charge of a lad who is four feet nothing in height, may be seen again by the lazy between three and four in the afternoon, when a second string of horses go forth to the work, and are sent for a spin over the finest gallop in the world. There are no downs like to these at Kingsclere for training purposes, none where the grass is so perfect or the course is so admirable, none where for two miles and more the colt may find gentle collar-work of a kind that will send him to the post "fit to ruin for a life." And added to all is the superbly fresh breeze which ever seems to sweep from the high plains to the valleys, to invigorate man and beast in the very perfection of work and effort.

If the course is very perfect for all training purposes, none the less so are the stables. A prettier block does not exist, nor a more light and pleasant master's house than Mr. Porter's.

The little pleasant red-brick yard for the cracks is the one to which the visitor naturally turns with the greatest expectation. It enters by a heavy gate opening into the private garden, and then through one of the stable-doors into a long paved passage six feet wide and lighted by many windows. The passage runs between the outer wall and the high wood-work which marks off the stalls, and is a remarkable aid to cleanliness and order which is all-paramount at Kingsclere. The great horses, Orme particularly, the famous son of

which have been trained at Kingsclere. The shoes are gilded and attached to velvet plates, and make a very pretty show. Here is Ormonde's shoe, rather a large one; the shoe of The Cid, a small one; Shotover's shoe, and Blue Gown's shoe. There are also scales here for weighing the jockeys who ride the trials, and a few special saddles and bridles, though the saddlery is a marvel in itself, and contains hundreds of bits, cloths, and bridles, and every known feature of the racing business. The third yard and the fourth show a scheme of arrangement precisely similar to the others—all being the perfection of cleanliness and order, which is also found in the large dormitories for the lads and men and in their comfortable recreation-room. Everything is done, in fact,



to secure faithful service and loyalty, and the fifty hands employed on the place are as presentable a looking lot of attendants as ever came out of a stable.

There is one question at the present moment which everyone who visits these stables asks its owner, and that is concerning Orme. Will Orme run for the Derby? Let Mr. Porter answer for himself.

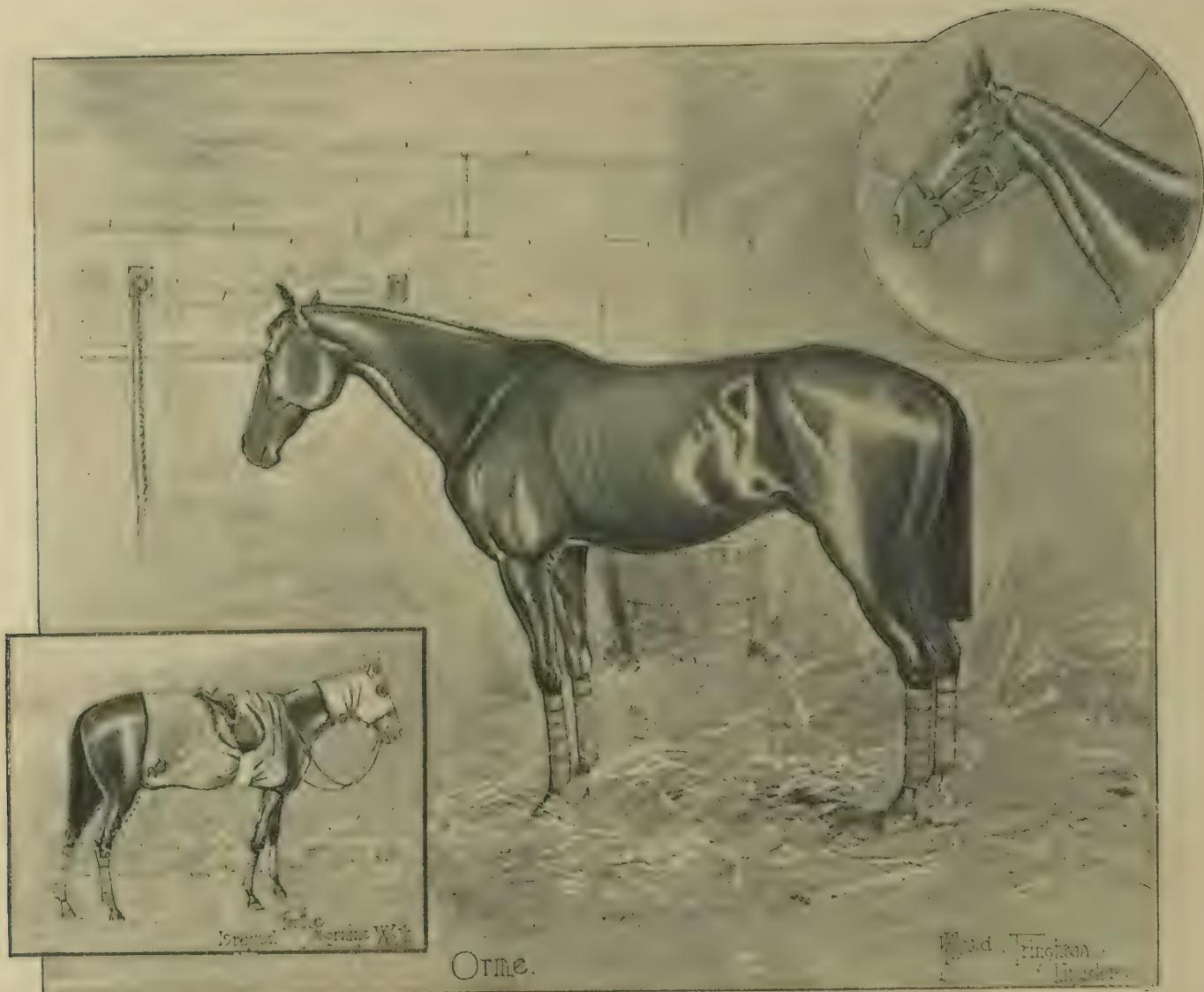
"The question you ask me—will Orme be well when the Derby is run?—is a question which the Duke of Westminster must decide; and I do not yet know what he means to do. It is quite beyond the bounds of possibility, however, that the horse could win the race, and I do not think that he will be started. Hundreds of people have backed Orme to win, with a run, and if we started him these poor folks would have to pay their money, and we should do more harm than good. Of course, this sad business has given me many sleepless nights, and the worst part of it is that, although we have used every means in our power to find the scoundrel who administered the poison, we have not yet got the slightest clue. That Orme was poisoned I have not any doubt."

"And you think the horse would have won the three great classic races this year if all had gone well?"

"Most certainly! I don't think the matter was ever in doubt. Orme is a beautiful horse, with all the quality but not the strength of Ormonde. In my opinion, Ormonde was the finest racehorse that ever lived. He was born in a season of giants and he raced against giants—Minting, Bendigo, The Bard—all horses to be remembered and to go down to history; but Ormonde made hacks of them. Even when he became a roarer he beat Minting over a mile and seven furlongs, and it was a tradition with us that no roarer could win a race longer than six furlongs. Orme takes after Ormonde strongly, though he never would have been the same horse, for he lacks the giant power which made his father invincible even in the most severe stage of his ailment. As it is, he will probably be well again before the end of the summer; but on this point I cannot say anything definite."

"I suppose, Mr. Porter, that the curriculum of a training establishment is very precise and severe?"

"Most decidedly so. I never know when I can take an hour's rest. We are up here at five o'clock every morning, and



ORME, THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S RACEHORSE.

shortly after that hour the first batch of horses goes to the Downs for the morning gallops. From the time they come in until five o'clock in the afternoon they are shut up in their stables and remain undisturbed. But after dinner a second lot is sent out for similar work, and so the whole day is occupied. As you know, I personally supervise everything that is done. There are in my stables now some eighty horses. These, at one time or other, will have to be brought to the post fit to run for kingdoms. A mistake in getting them fit almost by an hour would lose the race. Think of the constant care needed that none of these colts shall be prepared a day too soon or a day too late! Or, again, how many ills is horse-flesh heir to! Not that thoroughbreds go wrong as easily as some people imagine, be it remarked. It really takes a good deal to spoil a horse for a race, but an accident may do it at any moment. Yet, altogether beyond the question of breaking

down, there are a hundred little complaints which need seeing to on the spur of the moment, and there are almost a hundred directions to be given every hour.

"We have no professional jockeys resident on these premises, but when trials are to be ridden Peake and Barrett come over from Newmarket. Jockeys nowadays, you know, get all the money. People cheerfully pay a jockey two or three thousand pounds a year merely as a retaining fee, and yet I have lads in my stables between whom and the best jockey riding there is not the length of my stick. It is a curious problem, I admit, but the modern jockey perhaps makes as much money as anyone connected with the turf. Still, the prizes are few and the competition is keen, since only twenty or thirty jockeys are known; while there are thousands of stable-lads who make but a pound a week or so."

"But racing is a profitable business, no doubt?"

"Ah, now you want the inner secrets! Well, it is a profitable business, and it is not according to the kind of horses you buy. Since I have been at these stables we have won nearly half a million in stakes. I, myself, rarely have even a small bet on a race, but, curiously enough, I took a bet about Orme winning the Derby of ten thousand guineas to a hundred guineas. It was a yearling bet, and the money seemed almost in my pocket when this dreadful business overtook us. Now I hope that"—

"La Flèche will win the race for Baron de Hirsch?"
But the eyes of the trainer sparkled, and he only looked mysterious. I waved him an adieu as the long line of horses came down from the Downs, and I watched the keen glances he gave to them, and appreciated the difficulties of his work. I am still of opinion, however, that he should have given me the name of the Derby winner.



KINGSCLERE RACING STABLES.





THE DERBY: THE PRELIMINARY CANTER.

OUR WELL-WISHERS.

THE QUEEN.

"Her Majesty (writes Sir Henry Ponsonby) congratulates the proprietors on the fiftieth anniversary of their first issue of the *Illustrated London News*."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"Since his childhood (writes Sir Francis Knollys) his Royal Highness has been much interested in your paper, and he sincerely congratulates both the proprietors and the editor on the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary."

THE PRIME MINISTER.

"Everyone (writes Lord Salisbury) will, I think, join in congratulating the conductors of the *Illustrated London News* and wishing them God-speed—not only on account of the skill and success with which their bold and original idea was executed, but also for the high artistic, literary, and moral standard which it has kept up. I earnestly hope its success may continue."

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

"It is now long since Mr. Ingram (writes Mr. Gladstone) devoted himself to bringing about a great development of what is now so well known as the illustrated newspaper,

We loved great Gilbert, Glorious John!—
Sir John to-day, good knight, fine painter!
Our eyes dwelt lingeringly upon
His work, by which all else showed fainter.
His dashing pencil "go" could give
To simplest scene; a wondrous gift 'tis!
How his bold line could make things live
In those far Forties and old Fifties!

And humorous "Phiz" and spectral Read
Made us alternate smile and shiver.
Ah! ghosts, Ma'am, then were ghosts indeed,
Born of the brain and not the liver.
You shared our Lemon and our Leech;
Our Brooks for you ran bright and sunny.
May you live long, to linn and teach,
Be graphic, genial, sage, and funny!

We like you well, we owe you much.
True record, blent with critic strictures,
And culture of the artist touch!
Through half a century of pictures.
We wish you many gay returns
Of this May day! You're brighter, plumper
Than them; and *Punch*, who envy spurns.
Drinks your Good Health, Ma'am, in a bumper!

THE TIMES.

We can heartily congratulate our contemporary not only upon the attainment of its jubilee, but upon the excellent number

THE "QUEEN" NEWSPAPER.

Many happy returns of the day to the *duyen* of Illustrated Journalism! The golden jubilee of the *Illustrated London News* was commemorated by a special number, with many old illustrations from blocks which some of us are old enough to remember in their first appearance, others of us have seen in old files and bound volumes, and most of us know nothing about. The foundation of the great enterprise of Mr. Herbert Ingram is a veritable epoch in the history of journalism.

THE GUARDIAN.

It was fifty years ago on Saturday last that the *Illustrated London News* appeared for the first time, and the paper celebrates the fact with a "Jubilee Number" worthy of the occasion. In indicating the energy and intelligence of the founder, Mr. Herbert Ingram, the writers point out how he not only obtained but deserved success in his venture in an entirely new field. Such a journal not only scatters widespread pleasure among its readers and brings great financial returns to its proprietors, but it also gives enormous encouragement to art and literature.

THE SCOTSMAN.

To-day this popular publication celebrates its jubilee, and the issue for the week is in all respects worthy of the occasion. The issue includes various articles and illustrations in keeping

also for the high artistic
literary and moral
standard which it
has kept up. I heartily
hope its success may
continue.

Believe me
Yours very truly
Salisbury

FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF CONGRATULATORY LETTER
FROM THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

ON THE JUBILEE OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

which in his early days was almost, although not altogether, a thing unknown. The clearness with which he conceived the idea of his work was equalled by the energy with which he carried out his conception, and in the execution of a great commercial enterprise he both led the way for others to follow him, and established an almost inconceivable extension of the means provided by the Press for the instruction and entertainment of mankind. Not this island only, but more continents than one, bear testimony alike of his labour and of his success."

MR. PUNCH

TO

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

On the happy occasion of the Jubilee of that excellent
Journal, May 14, 1892.

From Forty-Two to Ninety-Two!
A full half-century of story!
And now, our Century's end in view,
May's back once more in vernal glory,
And with it brings your Jubilee
(*Punch* came to his one year before you!),
"Many Returns," Ma'am, may you see,
And honoured be the hour that bore you!

Good faith! it scarcely seems so long
To us old boys, who can remember
The tale, the picture, and the song
We pore o'er by the wintry ember:
And how our young and eager eyes
Were kept from childhood's easy slumbers
By the awakening ecstasies
Of cheery coloured Christmas Numbers.

with which it marks the event. There are few who will not echo the valedictory words of Mr. Lang's ode—

Whate'er stand fast—long may she last,
Long may her works remain!
On far-off fields long may she cast
The fertile chaff of Payn.

THE ATHENEUM.

The *Illustrated London News* has celebrated its jubilee by publishing a really interesting number, which does our contemporary much credit. It can boast of an honourable past, and has a promising future before it.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

The *Illustrated London News* is this week celebrating its jubilee, and the proprietors have issued a special number worthy of the occasion. Few papers can boast a record so satisfactory as that of our contemporary, and we congratulate it on the completion of fifty years, marked by no little progress, and attended by the prosperity which is the legitimate reward of energy and enterprise.

THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

The *Illustrated London News* attains its jubilee this week—which is also the jubilee of Illustrated Journalism. Our contemporary, whose enterprise in its old age might put to shame that of many of its younger rivals, has issued a special Jubilee Number, which is full of interest. Altogether, the *Illustrated* has every reason to be proud of itself in its fiftieth year.

FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF CONGRATULATORY LETTER
FROM THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.,

ON THE JUBILEE OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

with a fiftieth anniversary, and is altogether got up alike handsomely and creditably.

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

To-day the *Illustrated London News* appears in an *édition de luxe*, to duly commemorate the jubilee of its foundation, and therein the inauguration of Illustrated Journalism, which may well be said to have doubled the educational value of the Press.

THE LEEDS MERCURY.

The *Illustrated* has good grounds for self-congratulation in the brilliant work of a half-century. If the half-century ahead of us is fraught with as much revolution and advance as that just passed, we feel quite sure that its illustrated chroniclers will be equal to the task of making it live vividly in the eyes of a future generation.

THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

All concerned are to be congratulated on the jubilee number of the *Illustrated London News*. The great illustrated newspaper has not only survived competition, but grown steadily in the face of it, and never occupied a more splendid position than at this moment.

THE GRAPHIC.

Many happy returns.—W. L. THOMAS.

AND OTHERS.

To all the London morning and evening papers, to the whole of the weekly and provincial press, and to a large army of correspondents throughout the world we are indebted for kindly congratulations.

LITERATURE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II.
BY CLEMENTINA BLACK.

It is difficult for a woman to read Professor Beesly's *Queen Elizabeth** without a chuckle. On almost every page is legible the conflict between a man's notion of what a woman naturally should be, and his record of what a woman actually was. The theoretic, ideal woman shining between the lines of Mr. Beesly's narrative is one whom we have all met very often—in the theories of men. She exists, not as a human being, but as the relation of some other human being, as daughter, wife, or mother, and her personal life is merged in that of her family; her deportment is not action but "influence"; personal deeds are denied her, but she is expected to exceed in personal virtues. Nature, however, appears less partial than man to this ideal of womanhood, and may be observed to make no such pronounced differences between the virtues, affections, and intellects of her male and female children—possibly because she arranges that each shall descend from both a man and a woman. It can hardly, for instance, be maintained that women who have been queens have shown themselves, as a class, either markedly inferior in governing power, or markedly superior in moral excellence, to men who have been kings. The theorist, brought face to face with such a case, can only say: "But, considered as a woman, she failed," or else: "But she was not really happy in it." And, since perfection of character and perfection of happiness are both rare, his sayings are seldom entirely false. Both these observations Professor Beesly makes about Queen Elizabeth, and his endeavour to maintain them leads him into some rather rash statements. He says, for instance: "She never loved or was loved, and never has been or will be regarded with enthusiasm by man or woman." Not loved! Not regarded with enthusiasm! Surely if ever English sovereign won the love and excited the enthusiasm of her subjects, that sovereign was Elizabeth. The feeling lingers still. There are few of us who do not experience a little thrill of fervour and of national pride at the sound of her name. And surely, if human feeling may at all be gauged by the whole conduct of a long life, Elizabeth's nature was permeated by "that large love that folds the multitude." The good of her country appears to have been her guiding passion, to which all personal aims were subordinate. If, however, "the love that folds the multitude" does not rank in Mr. Beesly's eyes as love at all, and if he means that Elizabeth never loved individuals, then I venture to submit that he is not a competent witness. We do not know her private feelings; it is not certain that we know her private history. To say she was heartless is to say what none of us can know. What we do know is that her heart was less strong as a guiding power than her head. To some of us—Mr. George Meredith among the number—this power of self-guidance by the reason appears the distinguishing mark of the best kind of woman. To Professor Beesly it renders the woman possessing it absolutely unwomanly. Mary of Scotland satisfies his notion of womanhood much better: "When Mary really loved, which was only once, all selfish calculations were flung to the winds; she was ready to sacrifice anything and not count the cost—body and soul, crown and life, interest and honour. . . . Here was a woman indeed. And if for that reason she lost the battle in life, for that reason, too, she still disputes it from the tomb. She has always had and always will have the ardent sympathy of a host of champions, to whom the 'fair vestal throned by the west' is a mere politician, sexless, cold-blooded, and repulsive."

But is it true that Mary retains a host of champions "for that reason"? On the contrary, is it not true that, so far from cherishing her memory because she sacrificed her husband, her crown, and her honour to her love for Bothwell, they cherish it because they believe that she did none of these things? It may fairly be remarked that Charles I., whom no accuses of any such sacrifices, commands the same sort of posthumous sympathy.

Of course, it remains true, for Elizabeth as for all of us, that the completest possible development can only be brought out by "that best of all human possibilities, the blending of a complete personal love in one current with a larger duty." That "best of all" is very rare. To Elizabeth the combination never appears to have been open. When all is said, she had only, like the rest of her fellow-creatures, the opportunity of marriage within a certain limited range. Can any of us, looking back, select any one of her suitors whom she could have married without risking both her personal happiness and her country's welfare? Mr. Beesly, in a sentence which I confess I cannot read without a smile, gravely remarks that "as the wife of a king . . . she would have been a wise and enlightened adviser, not afraid of consistently maintaining principles when the time, mode, and degree of their application rested with another." Surely it is a strange thing for any Englishman reaping, even to this very day, the benefits of her rule, to regret that she did not abdicate it to Philip of Spain, to John of Austria, to Leicester, or to a prince of the house of Valois.

We come to Elizabeth's death-bed and find her biographer declaring that she died solitary and unhappy because "she had never shared a husband's joys and sorrows, never borne the sweet burden of maternity," because she had "renounced the crown of womanhood and turned from their appointed use those numbered years in which the female heart can find present joy and lay up store of calm satisfaction for declining age." He is also of opinion that to such a woman it can avail nothing "that she has tasted the excitement of public life, that she has borne a share in politics or business, even that her aims have been high or that she has done the State some service." The passage is eloquent, and has been largely quoted. But is the statement contained in it true? Is it the fact that such sadness and solitude as accompanied the last days of Elizabeth were due to her never having had husband or children? If so, the last days of Queen Anne should have been exempt from any similar influences; whereas in truth there is the closest possible parallel between the two positions. As to the feelings of the two women face to face with death, we can but guess. My own conjecture would be that there was more solace for Elizabeth in the recollection of the stability, the ordered government, the years of peace and progress which she had given to England, than for Anne in the recollection of the dillard her husband, and the ten sons and daughters whom she had outlived. To live the life of a good wife and mother is well and womanly, just as it is manly to live the life of a good husband and father; but to live solely as the relative of other individuals is not to live completely at all. It is even—in nature's logical irony—not to live fully and adequately even in those relations. The mother who has no thought beyond her children, is doomed to be outgrown and deserted by her children. For woman, no less than man, something more and

wider is needed—the something which Elizabeth had, and in which she probably found consolations for the lack of the close personal ties. Any man or woman who has ever felt the stream of personal effort flowing in the current of a larger life, should be able to understand that no life so lived is either unloving, unworthy, or in the deepest sense unhappy. To see the life of such a human being as misdirected and pitiable is surely to be blind to that real religion of humanity of which Elizabeth—cool, shrewd, unsentimental, but inspired by the "large love that folds the multitude"—was in truth a priestess.

MR. GISSING'S NEW NOVEL.

Denzil Quarrier, by George Gissing. (Lawrence and Bullen.)—In this story the author of "New Grub Street" has fallen considerably short of the standard erected by that powerful study of the seamy side of literary life. But within its limitations "Denzil Quarrier" is a forcible book. Much of it is hasty and superficial, and Mr. Gissing has permitted himself an extravagance of caricature so foreign to his characteristic method that he cannot be surprised by the natural irritation of those who could never have suspected him of one of the poorest tricks of the commonplace novelist. There was a time, perhaps, when it would have been thought a stroke of brilliant humour to represent a provincial mayor reproving an ascetic ecclesiastic for extolling Longfellow's "Excelsior," a poem which contained the shocking suggestion from the maiden to the pilgrim that he should stay and rest his weary head upon her breast. But in these days such farce is forbidden to literary art, and for a writer of Mr. Gissing's calibre to resort to it is to show an ill regard for his reputation. The merit of "Denzil Quarrier" is, however, very distinct, in spite of Mr. Gissing's excursions into antiquated humour. It does not lie in the electioneering sketches, which are little more than passable. But in Quarrier himself, in Lilian, in Eustace Glazzard, and above all, in Mrs. Wade, Mr. Gissing shows his grip of original character. There is a welcome freshness in Quarrier's audacious resolve to make the world appreciate his nominal marriage, and the breakdown of Lilian's nerve on the appearance of her actual husband, and under the masked hostility of Mrs. Wade, is drawn with much power. Mrs. Wade's ill-repressed love for Denzil, struggling with her affection for Lilian, and acting as a stimulant to the unfortunate girl's impulse to suicide, is the artistic success of the book. The treachery of Glazzard is scarcely convincing, perhaps; still, Mr. Gissing has seized with subtle insight a type of mind wholly beyond the ordinary novelist's conception of human falsity. We take leave to suggest that when Quarrier discovered that his own familiar friend was the Judas who had betrayed his happiness he would not have made such a banal remark as "Now I see the necessity for social law." But we are too grateful to Mr. Gissing for the original force that is in him to quarrel with his philosophy even when it drops into bathos.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Stories from the Arabian Nights. Selected from Lane's version, with additions newly translated from the Arabic, by Stanley Lane-Poole. Three vols. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, the Knickerbocker Press, New York and London.)—A delightful addition to the dainty *Knickerbocker Nugget Series* has been contributed by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, in the form of a selection from Lane's version of "The Arabian Nights," with several fresh translations from the Arabic, notably that of "Ala-ed-din and the Wonderful Lamp," which Mr. Lane-Poole has himself Englished from M. Zobenberg's Arabic text in such manner as even further to enhance its fantastic charm of warmth and colour. As for the other stories, Mr. Lane-Poole has chosen those that appeared to him as being the most representative of the various kinds of romances in the original collection, and his choice is worthy of its objects, or of "the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." The editor's brief prefatory note is graceful and illuminating, and the Arabic glossary extremely welcome to the unlearned.

FOREST BOTANY.

The Oak: a Popular Introduction to Forest Botany. By H. Marshall Ward, M.A., F.L.S. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Ltd. 1892.)—This volume forms one of the "Modern Science" series, edited by Sir John Lubbock. Its author is a botanical expert, familiar with all the details of his science, and he has produced a book which, despite the technicality which surrounds certain of its details, is certain to interest and to instruct that "patient omnivore," as Professor Huxley terms the general reader. Professor Ward deals with the oak from its beginning as the acorn and seedling onwards through its growth, and through the building up of the tissues to form the wood, flower, fruit, and seed. He adds chapters on the cultivation of the tree and on the diseases to which it is subject. The book is well illustrated, and two admirable photo-lithographs delineate the oak in summer and in winter respectively. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that botany seems to partake, even when popularly treated, of the nature of a technical study. In this respect it differs from zoology, and also from geology, its neighbour sciences. There are parts of this book which unavoidably partake of this technical nature and will require hard reading. For the rest, it is an admirable manual, the merit of which is that it will show how much that is interesting and even startling lies in the history of even our most common surroundings.

THE GAME OF POKER.

The Handbook of Poker. By W. J. Florence. (George Routledge and Sons.)—The object of this handbook is to teach the young how to deceive. It is an art which this country learned from the amiable General Robert E. Schenck, who first taught the sublime principles of "draw-poker" to an English duchess, who gave them with her own fair hands to a thankful people. That the rules thus delivered needed revision and readaptation was evident to all, for the manuscript was belthumbed and dog-eared—in fact, was all but forgotten. Mr. W. J. Florence now comes forward and throws down the gauntlet in favour of that which many consider the only game of cards. He is at once an apologist and an exponent. He shows tersely and briefly that "draw-poker" is not played only by cowboys on Texan ranches or by gentlemen of questionable antecedents on American steamers. He proves that it can be played for small sums, that it is intensely fascinating, and that it cultivates those qualities which command success in the greater game of life—the art of deceiving, to wit. All this should rightly be read by those who hitherto have considered the pastime only accessible to players skilled in the manipulation of the revolver; and such a perusal is due to the American nation and to the game of poker. It is also due to the author, who has devoted many weeks to the setting down of such rules as enable a man who has nothing in his hand to convince his partner that he has everything. For this, as it appears to the ordinary player, is the sum and essence of a game whose laws are now explained so clearly in Mr. Florence's manual.

* Queen Elizabeth. By Professor E. Beesly. English Statesmen (Macmillan).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Charles Eliot Norton's prose version of Dante's "Paradise" will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan. Of the two rival prose versions of Dante—that by Mr. Butler and that by Mr. Norton—it is hard to say which should have the preference, but Mr. Butler furnishes the original text as well, and thus provides a right royal "crib."

Publishers sometimes complain that the tax upon their resources through the demand for press copies is one too heavy to be borne. The remedy for this is surely in their own hands; but meanwhile the demands of some publishers are scarcely less modest than those of some editors. Messrs. Griffith and Farran, for example, send me a copy of Vol. III. of the "Bijou Byron" in paper covers. It contains "Marino Faliero" and "Sardanapalus," and is altogether a very pleasant and handy little book—the companion, I trust, of many a lover of poetry in holiday rambles. But here is the notice which accompanies it: "Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and Co. will feel obliged if the editor will do them the favour of sending two copies of the paper containing a review of the accompanying book." Now, as the "Bijou Byron" can be obtained at many booksellers for ninepence, while two copies of, say the *Saturday Review* or *I.L.N.* cost one shilling, it is hardly reasonable that the demand should be complied with, the more especially as the obligation, it seems to me, is all on the side of the publisher.

Mr. Hall Caine has just rewritten his novel of "The Scapegoat"—an act of courage on his part, seeing that the book has run through many editions at home and abroad. In the new version the personal narrative has disappeared, the English traveller is eliminated, the heroine remains in her own country, and her deliverer is the Mahdi. Mr. Heinemann has published the novel thus greatly changed in a one-volume edition.

A portion of the manuscript of the "Adventures of Philip," in the handwriting of Thackeray—"occupying fifty-five lines in the *Cornhill Magazine*, where it originally appeared, being the commencement of Chapter XXI."—is announced in a bookseller's catalogue for sale for eight guineas.

Some Byron relics, "the greater portion having been the property of Byron's half-sister, Augusta Leigh," have lately been sold at Sotheby's, mostly at unromantic prices. A manuscript of sixty-four pages in the autograph of the poet's mother fetched ten shillings; a copy of "Rokeby," inscribed "Byron: Given to his sister, Augusta Leigh, 1814," went for eighteen shillings; and a lot of three volumes, one of which had a similar inscription, was sold for five shillings! The Leigh Family Bible, containing many interesting entries, was knocked down for the same price! There are fashions in such matters, and the Byron vogue may come round again.

One wonders how Byron's own books sold when they were dispersed by "Mr. Evans, at his house, No. 93, Pall M.L." on Friday, July 6, 1827. Mr. Evans described them as "the library of the late Lord Byron," but he had disposed of his lordship's real "library" eleven years before, when Childe Harold set off on his pilgrimage. This must have been but the collections of the subsequent eight years' wanderings. As is but natural, there are many old volumes, including three of the "long" *œuvres complètes* of Byron himself, published in Paris in 1821. Here are copies of "Athenian Aberdeen's" "Principles of Beauty in Greek Architecture," 1822; a presentation copy of Butler's "History of the English Catholics," 1821; Byron's "Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles on Pope," 1821; Crabbe's "Tales of the Hall," 1819; and Charles Lamb's works, 1818. Of Coleridge there is but one specimen, the "Biographia Literaria" of 1817; and of Southey, oddly enough, the single specimen is the "Life of Wesley"! There is nothing at all of Tom Moore, and of "Bysshe Shelley" only the "Prometheus Unbound," but of this there are two copies. The other young contemporary poet has two entries, but his name seems to have been unfamiliar to Mr. Evans: "Keat's Endymion, 1818," and "Keat's Poems, 1817." These gems, probably, went for a song in 1827, but, unfortunately, the catalogue is unpriced. There is but one other notable item: "Greek Tragic Theatre, 1779. 7 vols. Lord Byron has occasionally pencilled some of the most striking passages."

Ottery St. Mary has almost as good reason to be proud of her bells as of the great church in whose tower they swing. Her most illustrious son, in the exile of his London school-days, often dreamt with unclosed lids—

Of his sweet birthplace and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening all the hot fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted him
With a wild pleasure.

And the "Logician Metaphysician Bard!" must have been accustomed to rehearse to the other "inspired charity-boy" the sights and sounds of his waking dreams, for Lamb gave John Woodvil Ottery St. Mary for a birthplace, and words to say of it and its bells cadenced to an echo of the bells themselves—

John. These are the church-bells of St. Mary Ottery.

Margaret. I know it.

John. St. Mary Ottery, my native village, in the sweet shire of Devon. Those are the bells.

But in these passages their sound is heard through the enchanted air of poetry. The guide-books say nothing about them, but they have their witness in a true poet's prose. In a letter written by John Keble to his biographer, Mr. Justice Coleridge, we read: "I wish I had a better ear and truer memory for sounds, that I might recall the church-bells of St. Mary Ottery—the deep tenor of seven and a half and the chimes at a quarter to eight." Some restoring barbarian will doubtless recast them some day, if the bad business has not been done already; but Coleridge and Lamb have made their music as safe from all accidents as that which slept in the pipes and timbrels of Keat's Grecian urn.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

"The Veil that No One Lifts." Anonymous Poems. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
"In Ladies' Company—Six Interesting Women." by Mrs. Florence Fenwick-Miller. (Ward and Downey.)
"Scott's Poetical Works." Edited by John Dennis. In five volumes. Vol. V. *Aldine Edition*. (George Bell and Sons.)
"The Illustrated Catalogue of the National Society of the Fine Arts, Paris." (Chatto and Windus.)
"I Saw Three Ships; and other Winter's Tales," by "Q." (Cassell and Co.)
"Good Fare for Little Money," by G. H. Pitcairn. (Griffith and Farran.)
"France of To-Day," by M. Betham Edwards. (Percival and Co.)

GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.



THE KING'S RESIDENTIAL PALACE, AMALIENBORG.



THE CASTLE OF FREDENSBORG, FROM THE MARBLE GARDEN.

GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Second Daughter of the King of Denmark.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Eldest Daughter of the King of Denmark.



THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

Youngest Daughter of the King of Denmark.



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.



THE KING OF DENMARK.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.



PRINCE WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.

Youngest Son of the King of Denmark.



THE KING OF GREECE.

Second Son of the King of Denmark.



T^o BUDA-PEST ON A BICYCLE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

III.

Göttingen is not far from Münden, but many hills lie between. It was delightful for the first time to put my feet on the foot- rests and really enjoy letting the machine carry me downhill. There had been little enough enjoyment in my first coast on a safety. All sense of security had left me when I lifted my feet from the pedals: I felt as safe as if I had tried to fly through the air on a broomstick. But now I honestly liked the sensation, and was pleased as a child when, on one of the down-grades, I saw two men watching me with open-eyed astonishment. At this very moment my dress caught in the back wheel. I have not said anything about it, but it had a way of catching, and more than once had brought me with the machine to the ground. Now I cautiously put my feet down and clutched at my skirts to pull them out. The next thing I knew I was lying in the street of the village at the foot of the hill, the back of my head on the stone paving. My first thought was that I was going to be stunned, my next, that, in case I was not, I must make myself presentable, for my hat was on the other side of the street and my hair hung over my shoulders. By the time J——, who was



GIEROLDEHAUSEN.

ahead, missed me and came back I was quite myself again. But it is a woman's privilege to have nerves, and I find by my notes that "I was a bit shaky the rest of the way." However, the human heart is stronger than one sometimes thinks, and my tumble served its purpose, since it was an excellent excuse to spend the rest of the day in Göttingen.

Germany has produced nothing so amusing as the German student. There is the naïve bravado of more chivalric days in the sabre cuts on the fresh, beardless faces; and the little caps, red, blue, and green, are as comic as the illustrations in *Fliegende Blätter*, to which they seem by right to belong. You have to go to Germany to appreciate the immensely clever realism of that paper. All through our journey it seemed to us that the officers and students and Jews we met were not real people, but stray creations of Schlittgen and Reinecké, of Wagner and Harburger.

On the whole, what we liked best in Göttingen was the student. His University did not please us half so much, though, after we got beyond an interminable line of villas, there was a pleasant suggestion of picturesqueness about the town itself. But the University buildings are strikingly uninteresting, and I am sure would seem so even if one did not make the inevitable comparison between them and the colleges of Oxford, or Cambridge, or Harvard. They either present the sham classical façade of the last century or the characterless brand-newness of modern Germany, and they are too scattered to give a proper impression of their collective importance. There are no gardens or "backs," though there is a beautiful walk under the limes around the old ramparts, where, however, we saw, not a student, but, instead, a party of Americans, to remind us that we were again in the tourist world, which we had left behind at Cologne.

I suppose in a University town it is sacrilege to mention the commercial traveller, but in Göttingen he divided our attention with the student. We found him in the hotel (which, by-the-way, understood the art of charging University prices quite as well as its English rivals), where he was eating his

late supper. We never could get used to the German midday dinner. There is something barbarous in eating the principal meal of the day before working hours are over. But the German supper has its virtues. These are an indefinable friendliness and an almost domestic sociability which even the domestic German could not give to dinner. So far, on our ride, we had spent the night in small village inns, so that it was at Göttingen we first shared the pleasantness of this late meal with one or two officers and several commercial travellers, who did not court the strict seclusion peculiar to the English bagman, but were seated in informal little groups about the two large tables. And when they had finished their cold meats and salads, they did not hurry away at once to a café, as a Frenchman would from the table-d'hôte, but sat on to smoke over their glass—the long slim glass—of Rhine wine, for it is against all laws of polite society to drink beer in a German commercial hotel. It is rarer to see a German commercial traveller drinking ordinary wine, or the drink of his country, than it is to hear a Frenchman of the same profession order anything else. Whether the German is paid more, I do not know, but, as we saw him, he is a much more extravagant variety of the species.

It was at Göttingen, too, that we first met the small boy waiter, borrowing a dignity beyond his years with his dress-coat. In London, probably, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would want to make him the subject of a Special Commission. I do not doubt that he has his black days, when he breaks things or mixes up the orders. But he always looked to me as if he were making a game of waiting; just as I did of keeping house or selling groceries in my youthful years.

The students were determined that our last impressions of Göttingen should be scholastic, not commercial. At a very late, or rather very early, hour a party of them came and sang college songs in front of the hotel, but I cannot flatter myself in my special honour. It was a bright moonlight night, and I got up and looked out of our open window. There were five; their little caps were stuck on their heads at a sadly rakish angle, and they were so unsteady as they stood there that I dreaded to see them walk. But though they sang on for an hour or more, and though they made such a noise that I wondered where the police could be, not once did I hear a laugh. Why has it never been said that Germans take their pleasure sadly?

If I had my "Reisebilder" by me, I might give an appropriate quotation from Heine for our start the next morning from Göttingen, even if our route was not exactly the same as his. In our geographical ignorance—it is only by travelling that one learns geography—when we had planned to set out on our journey at Cologne we had not known that the road to Berlin lay through the Harz. But our discovery of the fact had delighted me, less because of Goethe and the Brocken than of Heine. To be honest, however, when we walked out of Göttingen my thoughts were not with him; but with my tumble of the day before. And, while I grumbled a great deal, I was giddily glad that we had to climb, and not to coast, the big hill that begins just as you leave the town.

For a while we were forced to do almost as much walking as Heine. The road was deep in mud, and the wind against us. But both improved as we went on over the low hills, covered with a patchwork of little fields and an occasional stretch of woodland. They were very modest hills at first, not much higher or more mountain-like than the Downs of Kent or Sussex, and there was never a suggestion of valley and gorge, cliffs and waterfalls, or the other stock elements of mountain scenery. But gradually a faint blue shadow on the horizon began to take more substantial form, to fill us with hopes of the Harz, as Ruskin would say.

It was Sunday, and there was no laughter to cheer us by the way. The tiny villages were deserted; the only child we saw was a bad boy who threw a hard green apple in front of my safety and was well paid for his pains by J——; the only dogs, a few curs—useless members of society who ran larking after us, and not our friends who, harnessed in all sorts of carts, knew what it was to be on the road themselves and so never troubled us. Once a parson passed in an open carriage, and over the fields and hills came the sound of distant singing.

But church was at an end when we stopped at Gieroldehausen for our second breakfast of black bread and beer, and the hilly streets were crowded when we reached Herzberg, just as the commercial gentlemen were getting up from table at



A NURSEMAID OF CASSEL.

the Weisses Ross, but still not too late for an admirable dinner of several courses admirably served. Let me for once give our bill of fare. Has not Heine recorded what he ate in the Harz? There was soup, and they know how to make soup in Germany; followed by fish; cauliflower and the smoked sausages for which Göttingen is famous; roast beef and potatoes; cucumber salad and fragrant wild strawberries served together—which seems to an Englishman a trifling barbarous, but suggests to the American the origin of dishes and combinations in the country at home, where so many customs, borrowed from Germany, survive; blanmange, cheese, and butter, and for all this

we paid each a mark and twenty-five pfennigs. Now, if you please, fancy in England reaching the average country inn just after the dinner-hour on Sunday. You might consider yourself lucky if there was one of the household not in too much of a hurry for afternoon church to stop and cut you a slice of lukewarm beef and a bit of cheese. And yet Germany also is a Protestant country.

It may seem to those who have not cycled that I write too much of eating and drinking, but can I help it? A week on the roads had reduced—or elevated?—us both to that purely animal condition when our highest thoughts and emotions



SAINT ANDREASBERG.

were for food and drink. Our two meals were the chief events of the day, to which we looked forward eagerly, and which we remembered tenderly. We eat too much at Herzberg because the dinner was good, and we drank a bottle of capital Rhine wine because it was Sunday. And I remember afterwards, in the cool green valley of the Sieber, riding was such hard work that we sat for long on one of the benches which a kind Providence, or municipality, has placed there at intervals; we were in that state of complete physical happiness which he who does not know the healthy appetite born of healthy exercise in the open air cannot understand.

The valley of the Sieber is like a beautiful well-kept park. When we started on our way again it was already late in the afternoon, and the light was falling in golden patches on the soft brown carpet of the sweet-scented pine-woods, and now and then the tinkle of cow-bells reminded us that we were in the mountains, for by this time we were well in the Harz. But the groups of people dressed for Sunday whom we met and overtook gave an unexpected town look to the road: it was the Mall of Herzberg. In the Sieberthal due tribute was paid to my riding; an elderly gentleman, when I passed, stepped out into the road and, taking off his hat, bowed to the very ground. J—— said it was sarcasm, but I saw admiration in every feature.

Through one village after another we rode, and all were crowded with people and carriages and carts, and now once more the air rang with the familiar laughter of my childlike admirers. I could have laughed with them, so delighted was I to find myself wheeling over a long, if slight, up-grade as merrily as a veteran. Truly, my progress in the art of bicycling was not surprising as it was praiseworthy. But all too soon we left the valley to climb over real hills, long and steep and horrible, each one worse than the last, until we came to the most impossible of all in the main street of Saint Andreasberg. Can I ever forget it? It was steeper than a mansard roof, and went up in a pitiless straight line, and the summer evening was warm. There were grinning faces at every window, but my altruism had flown to the winds. I longed to bring the owners of the faces out and set them all to rolling heavily laden bicycles up the hill: then they would know whether it was a laughing matter. And yet, near the top, when a pigmy waiter in a dress-coat ran down towards me and offered his help, I waved him off—I was too breathless to speak—and myself pushed my safety to the very door of an hotel standing on the brow of a hill, so unmistakably for our benefit that we walked in without looking at its name. We were tired?—Yes. But then it was worth being tired to know the pleasure of the cold sponge and change of flannels that followed; the peace of the quiet walk towards the west, looking over a sea of hills to the far dark heights outlined against the fiery clouds of the after-glow; the comfort of the late cup of tea in the long dining-room, where little parties sat around the tables, while through the open door we could hear the click of the billiard-balls in the next room and the voices of the players.

It was easy to see that Saint Andreasberg was a tourists' headquarters, though essentially a German one. The hotel was crowded, not with commercials, but with families; there were correct excursions for polite waiters to recommend; and the next morning we saw the sign of "Apartments to let" in every other window—that is, in the upper town, for nothing could have induced us to walk down the hill. We were not to be moved to such a piece of folly even by the landlord's story of the world-renowned champion, his manly bosom covered with dozens of medals, who lived below, and would welcome us as brothers. He might beat us on every race-track in Europe, but had he ever, I wonder, pushed a bicycle loaded with knapsacks up the steeps of his native town? For this feat we deserved the medal of a hill-climbing record, which there was no one to give us.



"EVOE! IO BACCHE!"—BY MISS AMY SAWYER.

The exhibition of works produced at the Bushey School of Art and brought together at the Fine Art Society's Gallery may take rank among the most interesting now open. They bear witness not only to the versatility of the teacher but to the independence of the students, and show that a properly directed Academy need not produce only imitations of the director's faults. What first strikes the spectator is the complete absence of anything like uniformity of style, either in thought or expression; and, in the next place, the very slight influence which Professor Herkomer's own method or style has apparently had upon his pupils. For example, in two such typical works as Miss Amy Sawyer's "Valley of the Dragon"—which makes one conscious of the mysterious horrors of the spot—and Mr. Daniel Wehrschmidt's "Next of Kin" a sort of Lord Fauntleroy fancy, there is nothing

in common, except a vast amount of conscientious work, and—unless the strong contrast of the lady's white satin dress with the dark empanelled ancestors—very little which in any way recalls Professor Herkomer's personal influence. Mr. G. Harcourt's "Evening Time" is, perhaps, more imitative, but it bears the marks of distinct individuality, although the colouring of the cabbage-field, with the group of boys round the weed-fire, recalls some of Mr. Herkomer's earlier work. Miss Amy Sawyer's "Evoe! Io Bacche!" is a clever composition, and some of the faces are cleverly drawn, but the flesh-tints are opaque and yellow; while Mr. C. L. Burns, who also attempts a picture of Phillida and Corydon on a large scale, is rather straggling in his figures and chalky in tone. Mr. Daniel Wehrschmidt's treatment of the last scene in the story of Orpheus—

the finding of the musician's head by the Lesbian fisherman—is fantastic, and a fine bit of dark sea painting is compromised by the effort to bring in the legend. The reflection of the rising moon on the dark water is treated with truthful moderation; but the luminous track of the boat and the severed head is not equally successful. Mr. W. H. G. Titcomb leans rather to the Newlyn school in his Primitive Methodists assembled in their whitewashed chapel; and Mr. Borough Johnson is not less strong and incisive in his scene in a Salvation Army Refuge. Mr. Giles Morris's "Neglected Garden" and "Cornish Waste" are bright and effective treatments of sunlight and wild weed growth. Mr. Norman Hirst has a fine study of waves and surf, which he prefers to call "Sunshine and Haze"; and Mr. Trevor Haddon sends a very promising portrait of a seated girl.



"THE QUEEN OF THE MAY."—BY PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.

CATS AND KITTENS.

Cat-life has received many commentators and illustrators, from the days of Madame de Sévigné and Gottfried Mind, "the cat Raphael," down to Champfleury and Eugène Lambert, but with few or, perhaps, no exceptions the simpler and more obvious features of cat-life have been passed by or distorted in order to convey the writer's or the painter's sense of "felineness," as observed in his or her fellow-creatures. Madame Henriette Ronner, whose art was first made known in this country about a couple of years ago, is an exception to this rule. She has made cats, as cats, her study for the last forty years, and has acquired a technical mastery over "the appalling depths of kitten-nature" (to use Mr. Ruskin's expression) which even her most distinguished contemporary and rival, M. Eugène Lambert, has not surpassed. Compared with this distinguished painter—too little known in this country—Madame Ronner is a limited colourist, although in her largest work, now on view at the Goupil Gallery, "Coquetterie," she shows that in the painting of drapery and still life she might have attained a point of excellence. But it is in such studies as these of a dozen white and grey kittens, cosily ensconced in the holes they have made for themselves in a soft grey pillow, that we can best realise the refinement of Madame Ronner's art and the delicacy of her powers of observation. Born in 1821, at Amsterdam, the daughter of a Dutch artist named Kuip, who lost his

sight at a comparatively early age, Madame Ronner remained almost unknown until in 1860, she removed to Brussels, and began painting the draught-dogs which more commonly than now were employed to drag the bakers' and greengrocers' carts about the streets and roads. But Belgian draught-dogs are rarely objects of beauty, and the demand for their portraits was soon exhausted, and she then began painting cats and kittens, gradually mastering the complications of form and light which these animals present. Mr. M. H. Spielmann, in his interesting monograph on Madame Ronner and her art, points out that the Japanese painter Hokusai shares with Madame Ronner (and it may be added with Gottfried Mind) the peculiarity of daring to draw cats in movement—Landscape, Delacroix, Rosa Bonheur, and others having never attempted to depict them otherwise than in repose. It is this instantaneous transfer of the cat's, or still more of the kitten's graceful movements and poses which makes this exhibition so attractive to young and old; and few, perhaps, who visit it will go away without having learnt to appreciate more fully the picturesque beauties of a Persian or Angora cat superintending the graceful gambols of her offspring. While rendering full credit to the Dutch lady and to the French artist Eugène Lambert, we should not forget that our own fellow-countryman Randolph Caldecott, by a far simpler method and in a broader way, represented the cat with rare insight and dexterity.



SKETCH BY MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER.

Specially Drawn for "The Illustrated London News."



"UN BOUT DE TOILETTE."—BY MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND NOTICE.

The remaining features in Gallery, No. III, include Mr. Alma-Tadema's little gem, "A Kiss" (258), which will make all feel that we have at home one who has carried his art to a far higher point than M. Bouguereau; Sir John Millais' "Little Speedwell's Darling Blue" (256), a title which fails to convey any idea of the dainty little maiden in white seated on the ground gathering wild flowers; Mr. Poynter's "When the World was Young" (257), a larger treatment of the picture at the New Gallery; Mr. Ridley Corbet's bright and poetic landscape (266), at a time when a light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread; Mr. J. C. Hook's two sea-pieces, greener than ever, with fisherfolk ruddier than ever; "The Nereids" (219) and "The Sea-Mew's Nest" (255); Sir John Gilbert's spirited and dexterous "Venetian Council of War" (264); some excellent portraits by Mr. L. Fildes, Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. J. Sant, and Mr. Glazebrook; and a very clever rendering of that most difficult of subjects, "The Royal Jubilee Procession" (237), by Mr. John Charlton, who gives a good idea not only of the bodyguard of heirs-apparent by which her Majesty was preceded, but of the crowds by which she was welcomed and the bright glare of sunny Jubilee Day.

Gallery No. IV, is to a great extent overshadowed by Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Forging the Anchor" (287), a powerfully, if not brutally, painted work, in which ample justice is done to the brawny limbs of the Cornish smiths. Realism can scarcely be pushed farther than is here displayed in the red-hot iron, the sweltering hammermen, and the grimy workshop. One cannot but admire the power of the painting, but one asks at the same time whether the subject is really worthy of the labour bestowed on it, or is it in itself paintable? Mr. Colin Hunter's "Burial of the Macdonalds" (286) is in every respect a poetic treatment of a tragic event, worked out with more than his usual skill. The boats rowed by the surviving women of the clan are nearing the little island of St. Munda on Loch Leven (in far off Glenoe), conveying the murdered chieftains and their vassals to their last resting-place, over which the clouds gathering in the sun are hanging. There is sentiment also, hint of a less tragic kind, in Mrs. Corbet's "Quiet End of Day" (270); and Mr. Hay Davies's "Haymaking" (284) shows a nice sense of colour and atmosphere. Mr. Vicat Cole has been again successful in his treatment of the Thames in the midst of the busy stream of life, in his "View of Westminster" (306), as seen from off Lambeth Palace. The huge, almost unbroken, river front of the Houses of Parliament is dealt with artistically, but one cannot help echoing Carlyle's criticism that one does not see why it should ever finish, or why it was not indefinitely prolonged. It is only, perhaps, by accident that close by hangs Mr. E. Crofts's "Last Episode in the Gunpowder Plot" (311), in which he depicts with his usual vivacity and sense of colour the last stand made by the chief conspirators at Holbeach House, Stephen Littleton's place in Staffordshire. The same artist gives also a picturesque rendering of "Charles I. at Edge Hill" (331) marshalling the gay Cavalier army, which in a few hours was to be dispersed. The gem, however, of this room is Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Syrinx" (314), the reed nymph, which is almost, if not quite, the best nude study in the exhibition, and raises the artist to the first rank among the classical figure-painters of the day. Two other figure subjects, Miss E. Nourse's "Baby in the Wood" (329) and Mrs. Elizabeth Forbes's "Minnet" (343), are also deserving of special notice and commendation. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Convict Ship" (307) is indistinct both in treatment and intention, and seems in every way out of date—at all events, in this country. The scope for sentiment afforded by such a scene is better when concentrated, and in this work, clever though it be, the interest is spread over too many figures. Mr. Lockhart Bogle's delineation of "Charles Edward in the Robbers' Cave" (281), Mr. David Murray's "Farm Ford" (291), and Mr. McFie Arnott's "Sommarim" (308) are among the other noteworthy pictures in this room.

Gallery No. V, but for Mr. Fildes's splendid portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Bibby (412 and 418), would be scarcely up to the level of the other rooms. These two pictures, painted with great restraint as well as power, show how possible it is for age to be treated respectfully, even by artists. It was probably not altogether without motive that Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Mrs. William Agnew (362) was placed in this room, for it gives the public the opportunity of comparing it, mentally, with Mr. Fildes's portrait of Mrs. Thomas Agnew, which was one of the pictures of last year. There is no lack of clever brushwork in Mr. Herkomer's picture, and the somewhat limited scheme of colour is in no way wanting in brilliancy, but the picture just misses the style of "grande dame" which Mr. Fildes had succeeded in conveying. A melancholy interest attaches to Mr. P. R. Morris's portrait of Mr. C. E. Flower (373), the energetic champion of Shakespeare and Stratford-on-Avon, whose recent loss will be widely felt by all lovers of our greatest poet. Mr. T. B. Kennington's portrait of Miss Clara Palmer (387) and Mr. Rose's of Mrs. T. B. Rose (389) are clever and attractive pictures; but greater interest will probably be aroused by Mr. L. J. Pott's "Signing the First Death Warrant" (357), which shows a clever analysis of feeling in the keen, eager face of the Cardinal-Minister and the careless ignorance of the child-king. A complete antithesis in conception and sentiment is Mr. J. H. F. Bacon's "Wedding Morning" (423), which gives a bright cottage scene, where evil thoughts and sinister motives play no part.

Gallery No. VI, contains Mr. H. Herkomer's most important, and it may also be said, his most successful, work of the year, "A Board of Directors" (458), in which he has endeavoured to adapt to modern times the style of the old "Regents" pictures which Franz Hals, Van der Heist, and other Dutch artists cultivated two or three centuries ago. Unfortunately, the restrictions of modern costume limit an artist in search of the pictorial scene; but Mr. Herkomer has managed to infuse into his group seated round the board table an air of reality which demands our admiration. Miss Anna Bilińska's portrait of herself (502) is not flattering, and is chiefly interesting as a specimen of a modern French style of portraiture which despises all artificial embellishments and attempts to revive the stern method of Velasquez in the treatment of light and shadow; while Mr. E. Patry's portrait of Mrs. Paterson (452), on the other hand, is a good specimen of refined work. Seafaring life still retains elements of picturesqueness, of which Mr. John R. Reid, in "The Mate of the Mermaid's Wedding" (513) and Mr. Ralph Hedley in "Sealing the Locker" (500) take advantage, the former especially giving play to his fine sense of colour and effect. Among the landscapes—of which there are several in this room—the most deserving of attention are Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Flowing to the Lowlands" (455), Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Sunset on the Roman Campagna" (475), Mr. J. B. Tunstall's "Day Spring from on High" (490), Mr. J. L. Pickering's "An Old World Home" (525), and Mr. Stuart Richardson's "Irish Coast Farm" (531), all of which show that our younger artists are qualifying themselves to maintain the level of landscape painting which has given English art its popularity at home and abroad.

CHESS.

W. WILSON (Hertford).—Although several times under consideration, no such issue has yet been published. Possibly something of the kind may be ready.

M. JONES (Prestwich).—Your rules of the game, in the particular case submitted Black must play K to K 4th, and his Queen is consequently lost.

C. BURNETT (Bingley).—Your problem is faulty owing to 1. R to Q 7th, R takes K to K 6th (ch), K to K 5th (ch), K to K 4th (ch). Your own solution is also impracticable.

W. B. L. ALLEN (New York).—The problem is lost, because it is not a mate in two moves, but a draw.

D. K. H. NOYES (Cheltenham).—Your problem seems good, and should appear if sound.

A. F. S. (Hampstead).—Kindly look at the problem again, before impugning its merit so forcibly. Your solution is quite incorrect.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS. No. 2508 received from W. Allume (Richmond), F. G. L. (London), No. 2509 from P. V. (London), of Solving, No. 2510 from James Clark (London); of No. 2511 from Rev. Wingfield Cooper, W. H. Thompson (Tenterden), E. C. (London), H. S. Bradstreet, Castle Hotel, (London), T. G. (London), T. G. (London), Mr. George Nott, Galley Hill, Hatfield, Captains J. A. Chalmer (Great Yarmouth), A. Rademacher (Birmingham), W. H. A. E. Burris (Fulkestone), Dr. Beaumont (London), and H. Garrett (Bullock), Charles Burnett, Dan John, and P. P. Leyden (Galway).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS. No. 2510 received from R. J. Brooks (London), G. H. Hough (Waterford), T. Tucker (London), A. Coal, B. L. G. (London), W. R. Wilson (London), Mr. George Burnett, Victoria, Anz y del Pago, P. P. Leyden, W. Wright (Glasgow), P. P. Leyden (London), A. M. E. (London), Mrs. Kelly of Kelly, A. G. (London), Mr. G. (London), Mr. G. (London), Mr. G. (London), D. M. (London), T. R. (London), G. Joicey, A. H. B. C. E. Pergaud, Monty, Dr. F. S. E. B. H., B. Winters (Buntingford), J. Halliday (Cave), A. Morley (Cambridge), C. L. L. (London), H. Ross (Whitley), M. Burke, H. B. (London).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2508.—BY E. B. SCHWANN.

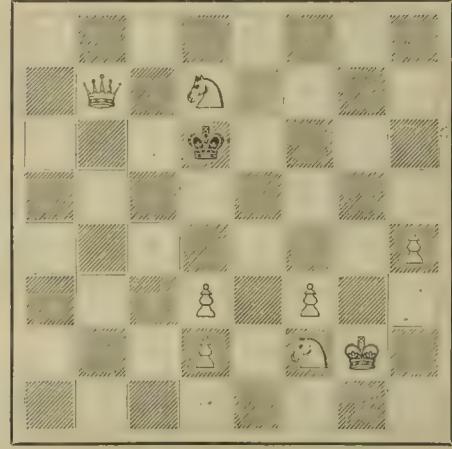
WHITE. 1. K to K 6th. BLACK. Any move.

2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2512.

BY MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Divan Tournament between Messrs. J. W. MARTINEAU and J. P. MOLLARD.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

WHITE (Mr. Martineau) BLACK (Mr. Mollard) WHITE (Mr. Martineau) BLACK (Mr. Mollard)

1. P to Q 4th K to B 3rd 16. P to K 3rd P to K 3rd

1. P to K 4th Kt to Q 3rd 17. Kt to B 3rd Q to K 3rd

1. P to K 3rd K to K 2nd 18. K to Kt sq P to K 6th

1. P to Q 3rd Q to K 2nd 19. The hand of an expert is seen in this move and the way it is followed up.

1. P to K 2nd Q to K 2nd 20. P takes K R to Q Kt 4th

1. P to Q 3rd Q to K 2nd 21. K to Q 2nd R to B sq

1. P to K 2nd K to K 2nd 22. B to B 2nd Q to Kt 5th

1. P to Q 3rd Q to K 2nd 23. K to Q 2nd

1. P to K 4th Kt to B 3rd 24. Kt takes R It takes Kt

1. P to K 3rd Q to K 2nd 25. R to Kt sq R to B 6th

1. P to K 2nd K to K 2nd 26. Q to Kt sq R takes Kt

1. P to Q 3rd Q to K 2nd 27. K to Q 2nd Kt to Kt 5th (ch)

1. P to K 2nd K to K 2nd 28. K to K 2nd R takes Kt

1. P to Q 3rd Q to K 2nd 29. R to Q 8th (ch)

1. P to K 4th Kt to B 3rd 30. K to K to K 2nd Kt to B 7th (ch)

1. P to K 3rd Q to K 2nd 31. K to K 2nd Q to B 5th (ch)

1. P to K 2nd K to K 2nd 32. R to Q 3rd Q takes R. Mate.

Too late. The Pawns on the King's side should have advanced unaided to their starting stage.

Game played at the Divan between Mr. ROLLOLD and the late Rev. Mr. GRUNDY. (Sooth Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. G.) WHITE (Mr. R.) BLACK (Mr. R.)

4. P to K 4th P to K 4th 10. K to Kt sq Q to Kt to K 4th

2. Kt to K 3rd Kt to K 3rd 11. Q to B to K 4th P to K 3rd

3. P to Q 4th P takes P 12. P to Q 3rd P to K 4th

4. Kt takes P Q to K 5th 13. B to K 2nd P to K 4th

A move not much in favour, for then it wins a P, it allows the first a rapid development of his opening.

5. B to K 3rd

The recognized continuations are Kt to Kt 5th or Kt to K 4th, B to K 2nd, &c.

5. Q takes P Q takes P 16. B takes Kt

6. Kt to K 2nd Kt to K 2nd 17. B to Q 6th P takes B

7. Q to K 2nd Q to K 2nd 18. Q to Q 3rd K to K 3rd

B to Q 4th is, perhaps, better. The attack will probably be directed on the Queen's side and we would therefore play Kt to K 3rd, &c.

7. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd 19. Q takes P (ch) K to Q 2nd

8. B to Q 4th B to Q 4th 20. K to Q 6th (ch) B to Q 8th (ch)

9. Castles (K R) Castles (Q R) White resigns.

It is probable that Kt to K 3rd is drawn, for if it plays Kt to K 4th, Black cannot capture Kt to K 5th, or it takes B would win.

20. P to Q 2nd P to Q 2nd

21. Q to Kt 7th (ch) K to K sq

White resigns.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., I suspect, by the time these lines are perused by my readers, will be one of the best known men in the United Kingdom. The attacks of the golfing journals on my humble self, emphatic as they are, will be nothing to the criticism which the Lord Chancellor's visitor will have drawn down upon his devoted head by the delivery of his address on "Sex in Education" before the Medical Society of London a week or two ago. He will doubtless already have had the "wild women" immortalized by Mrs. Lynn Linton, down on his devoted head. Heads of middle-class ladies' schools, principals of high schools for girls, the dowagers who superintend colleges for females, will all rush into print to deny the accuracy of the conclusions at which the expert in lunacy and mental disorders has arrived regarding the influence of education on the female sex. The delivery of such an address as that of Sir James Crichton Browne a few days ago is really the letting out of great waters in the way of criticism. My best wish for him is that he is prepared for the inevitable result. He is not the man I take him for, if either hopes to escape criticism, or if he fails to stand to his guns.

What many able women do not seem to be capable of understanding—at least they ignore the fact if they do know it—is that a physiologist is bound, as a scientific investigator, to argue from the premisses wherewith nature presents him. Now, Sir James Crichton Browne may be just a little bit over-emphatic about the dangers of the prevalent system of women's education, but at least let it be said, first, that throughout his argument he has nothing at heart save the welfare of the sex; and, secondly, that he has a very laudable and firm basis of fact for his conclusions. My friend Dr. Clouston, of the Royal Asylum for the Insane, Edinburgh, long ago asserted precisely what Sir James Crichton Browne said the other day—namely, that it is far better for women to grow up healthy than learned, and that the higher culture for women is liable to be fraught, in many cases, with emotional and physical disturbances which militate gravely and seriously against that perfect health which is life's crown of blessing. What Miss Frances Power Cobbe called "the little health of ladies" is not always due to physical breakdown under the strain of education, but it very often represents such a result. The argument of the doctors is that throughout woman's temperament and physical constitution there runs a tendency towards strain in this matter of culture. Man, in virtue of his more robust constitution, can better resist the effects of the strain and worry of educational competition. This is the coin of vantage whereof Dr. Clouston and Sir James Crichton Browne avail themselves, and for which they find ample justification in certain facts of woman's physical life.

Leaving out of count any differences other than those which affect the brain, we find Sir James Crichton Browne impressing upon us, first of all, the fact that women have smaller heads than men, that in all peoples and races the absolute weight of the entire brain is, on the average, greater in men than in women, and that the male brain has a wider range of variation in weight than that of woman. When we come to more intimate distinctions between the male and female brain, we arrive at still more extraordinary results. There is a difference, says Sir J. Crichton Browne, in the balance of parts in male and female brains respectively. There seems to be an equality in size in the frontal or forehead lobes (which include the intellectual region, by-the-way), but the side (or parietal) lobes are bigger in the male, while the hinder (or occipital) lobes are larger in the female. The side lobes are mostly concerned with movement, while the hinder lobes are devoted to the reception and adjustment of our sensations. Man, on this view, is more energetic and quick to act; woman, conversely, is more receptive of impressions and more emotional, as the result of her brain's reception of the sensations of the outer world.

More important still, perhaps, is Sir J. Crichton Browne's third brain difference, which he declares dwells in the character of the grey matter. This is the important layer whence thought originates; it is the outer or cellular layer of the brain, which dips into and follows the convolutions or foldings we see on the brain's surface. The specific gravity of woman's grey matter is lower than that of man, which implies that it is of lesser density, and "is a less nourished and developed tissue." This last is a serious matter, because it implies that the thinking-stuff of woman's brain is of inferior quality to that of man. Finally, we get differences in the blood supply of the male and female brain, which chiefly amount to the fact that the frontal part (including the intellectual region) is better supplied with blood in men, while the hinder and sensory region is better supplied with blood in women. According to Sir J. Crichton Browne, this accounts for the greater excellence of men in "volition, cognition, and ideo-motor processes." Now, having regard to these anatomical and physiological differences, it is easy to see where the physiologist stands. He may deplore any criticism on the ground that nature (and not science) is responsible for the differences between male and female brains; but all the same, there will ensue the old controversy about woman's place in the social organism, with the two sides represented as before—one side declaring that in all things woman is man's equal, if not his superior; the other side, represented by Sir J. Crichton Browne, holding that man and woman are constructed psycho- logically and anatomically on different grades. The general plan of body is the same; but there has been exhibited a variation, so to speak, for the carrying out of the purposes of sex, which no philosopher, male or female, can afford to overlook.

This seems to me the real point at issue. If we have regard to the family life, to woman as the mother, and to her place as the upholder of children, hedged round as are all these phases of her life by the approval, privileges, and esteem of civilization, it is difficult to see how a perfect equality with man can ever be reasonably claimed by even the "wild women" of our day. One has every sympathy with the desire of women, fostered often by a pressing need, to earn their livelihood in spheres long occupied by men only; but they must remain women still. I think Sir J. Crichton Browne is right when he hints pretty plainly that women tend to become "mannish" in physical character when they take to men's work as thoroughly as is the case with many women to-day. One cannot have one's cake and eat it, and women can hardly expect to retain all the characteristics of their sex and at the same time develop the faculties of doing man's work in a manly fashion. Civilization seemingly aids women to aspire to men's occupations, and this is possibly a result of the overcrowding of life which everywhere abounds. All the same, I think Sir J. Crichton Browne's address will do good if it teaches women that they must not expect to remain quite the "gentle sex" (as men at least think of them) and at the same time endure the noise and the worry of the world's market-place.



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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The Countess of Carlisle, who has just taken the position of Hon. Secretary of the Women's Liberal Federation, is a daughter of Lady Stanley of Alderley. The latter is opposed to the suffrage for women, of which her daughter is an ardent and enthusiastic advocate. Lady Carlisle has for years past taken annually some fifteen hundred or two thousand children from the slums of Leeds to spend a fortnight's holiday in farmhouses and cottages in the neighbourhood of her country seat in Cumberland. Not only has she borne most of the expense of this kind deed from her private purse (collecting the rest from her personal friends), but the good Countess has given also—what is more than money—personal care and trouble. She herself visits constantly the homes to which she sends the children, and she also frequently accompanies the parties of ragged youngsters on their railway journeys, taking them from and restoring them to their mothers. The Countess also very often asks young governesses from elementary schools, shop-girls, and other hard-worked but nicely educated women to spend a holiday in her own house, as her guests. When her daughter, Lady Mary, was married to Professor Murray, of Glasgow University, the bridesmaids were entirely selected from girls who had passed through the Countess's village school. Singularly unconventional in mind and manners, but eloquent, clever, and always thinking of the good of others, Lady Carlisle is an ideal leader of an organisation which has for one of its chief objects "To promote the interests of women and the care of children."

Lady Violet Greville is another lady who, not content with being a peeress—she is the daughter of the fourth Duke of Montrose and wife of Lord Greville—aims at doing some good work of hand and brain. Her own clever book on "The Gentlewoman in Society" was published only a short time ago, and now there is a new volume of "The Gentlewoman's Library," edited by Lady Greville, who contributes a bright introduction. This new volume is entitled "The Book of Sports." It contains contributions from thirteen ladies, each writing on a subject on which she may claim to be (for her own sex) an authority. It gives a long and what would once have been an audacious list of outdoor sports which are now recognised as suitable for ladies of social position and refinement; but this is only part of the tale, for a second volume on the same subject is promised. Yet hear what exercises are already treated in this initial volume: Trout-Fishing and Fencing, both by Lady Colin Campbell; Salmon-Fishing, by Mrs. Steuart-Menzies; other kinds of fishing, by Miss Starkey, "Diane Chasseresse," and Mrs. Stagg; Sailing, by Mrs. Schenley; Boating, by Miss Mackenzie; Swimming, by Mrs. Samuda; Skating, by Miss L. Cannan; Lawn Tennis, by the lady champion, Mrs. Hillyard; Cricket, by Lady Milner; Archery, by Mrs. Bowley; Golf, by Miss Stewart. How changed are times in the matter of physical exercise for women from a hundred years ago, when good Dr. Gregory advised girls never to boast of possessing health and strength, because such a condition was offensive in a woman!

One of the most amusing chapters in "The Book of Sports"

is that by Lady Milner on cricket. The writer does not contemplate the absurd farce of women playing against men, but wisely confines herself to rival "elevens" who are all petticoated, and mostly elaborately coiffured. Lady Milner's enthusiasm for her sport may be judged from the scorn that she expresses for a member of a ladies' eleven, who sends word that she cannot play because she is "so tired after the ball last night that she would rather stay at home! Of course she ought to have stayed at home—but from the ball, not from the cricket match!" says Lady Milner, sternly. Moreover, she orders off the corset for the good of the game. If you will wear that steel-bound and whalebone-lined garment, you will be sure to break when you run, and split when you stoop; then you cannot get many runs, and you will be reduced to fielding with your petticoats, because you cannot get your hands down, which is "unworthy."

Naturally, the great dress question plays a prominent part in every article. Mrs. Hillyard (whose portrait might be that of the Duchess of Fife) advises for tennis a blue serge skirt, made plain, rather short, and amply wide, a flannel blouse, and a sailor hat, with Russian leather rubber-soled shoes without heels. She adds that a pretty white underskirt should be worn, as length of stretch after the ball is an essential point in playing good tennis, and in reaching out for a stroke the underskirt is sure to show. Mrs. Samuda, whose chapter on swimming is one of the most bright and readable in the book, tells a most amusing story of how, having heard much of the dress of French bathers, she provided herself with a fine white serge costume, handsomely braided, and finished with a washing-silk sash, for wear in the sea at Trouville in the race week. But she found that the French women who attire themselves thus gorgeously do not really bathe at all, far less swim; they merely paddle. Accordingly, when the English lady swam out far to sea, and returned with her grand garment clinging to and defining her form, she "felt considerably humbled" by the notice that she received. She wisely advised wearing bathing-dresses of Turkey-red twill, trimmed with white cotton braid. Mrs. Samuda gives a programme for a "Water Carnival," one of the items of which is for a party to row out, each person fully clad in any costume fancied, to the midst of the lake or river, and there be upset, or pretend to be so—the prize going to the swimmer who combines the most difficult dress for the art with the most rapid progress to land. A commonplace and purposeless article is the one on rowing; but Mrs. Schenley's on sailing small yachts is excellent. This lady has "carried off thirty-four prizes last year out of thirty-nine starts, all except two sailed entirely by myself, no hand but mine touching the tiller." Lady Colin Campbell's chapter on fencing makes that sport seem rather an unamiable diversion, which it certainly need not be. The whole book is very readable, even to those not specially interested in any of the pastimes described.

Messrs. Macmillan have issued a little book on "Dressing-making." Nobody can learn an art from a book—that may be taken as an axiom. But, given a basis of practical instruction, the hints and suggestions that the author, Mrs. Grenfell, throws out here may be useful. In an interesting introduction she states that in the Paris Communal schools elementary instruction in dress-cutting and fitting is given to the senior girls, and that elder women—some already wives and mothers—are permitted to attend the classes. Mrs. Grenfell thinks that by the diagrams and sectional paper which she

shows any girl can be given a good notion on the subject of dress-cutting. I have repeatedly expressed the judgment that the needlework now taught in our schools is of but little value to the girls in after life, because attention is concentrated on the making of tiny plain stitches or executing ornamental ones, while what will really be required, cutting-out and patching, and turning and contriving, is not taught. If Mrs. Grenfell's book leads members of School Boards to consider whether upper standard girls might not be taught needlework more usefully, she will have accomplished much good.

Mr. Mendoza, of King Street, St. James's, has just issued a new plate in pure mezzotint, by Mr. T. G. Appleton, of the Viscountess St. Asaph, after John Höffner, R.A. It is a capital example of the engraver's art.

The Russian Imperial Government has concluded a partial agreement with Baron Hirsch to permit the emigration of Jews to his agricultural colony in South America, excluding the aged, weakly, and helpless, and providing guarantees against pecuniary burdens on the Government of Russia in case the emigrants should return.

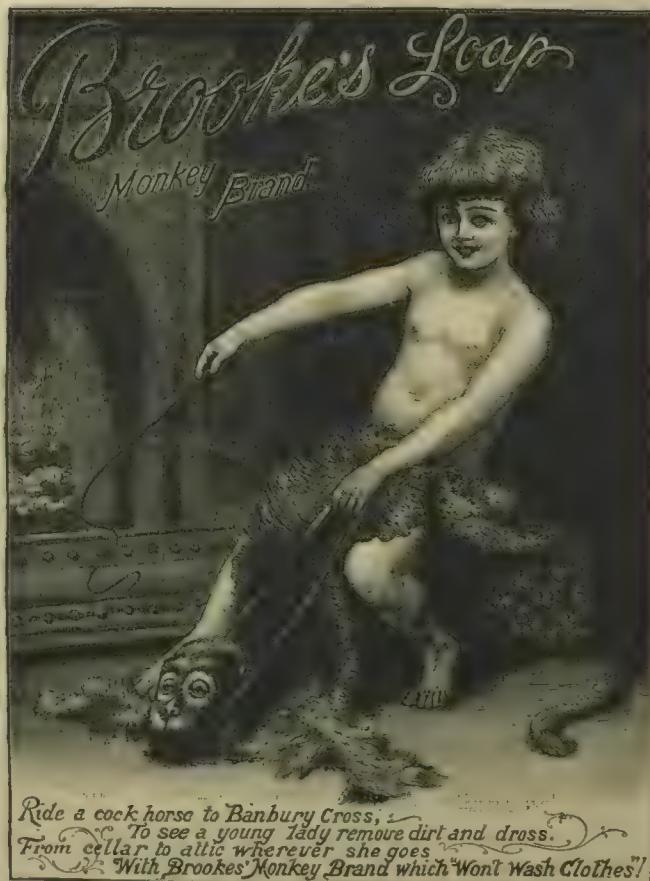
An interesting antiquarian discovery—that of a cemetery of the Merovingian period, the sixth century—has been made near the village of Andresy, in France, in a railway cutting between Argenteuil and Nantes. Nearly five hundred tombs have been found, with sarcophagi of stone or plaster, and with much pottery, implements and utensils, and other relics of that remote age.

The British West African colony of Lagos is engaged in a military expedition, commanded by Colonel Scott, against the Jebus and Ebagas, who have obstructed the inland trade routes. There has been sharp fighting with the Jebus on the march to Epé and Pobo, and eight men of the native allied troops were wounded, but two of the enemy's towns were burnt, and the expedition, on May 18, continued to advance.

The floods in many places on the banks of the Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas rivers, from the rupture of dykes, have been very extensive and destructive. Around the city of St. Louis, four hundred square miles are under water. At Sioux City, a hundred and fifty miles above Omaha, in Nebraska, two hundred houses were destroyed, and many persons lost their lives. The Union Pacific Railway line, at Council Bluffs, has been washed away.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on Thursday, May 19, rejected the petition on behalf of Frederick Deeming, on the plea of insanity, against the sentence of death passed upon him at Melbourne, Australia, for one of his several wife-murders; the execution was fixed for Monday, the 23rd, and the Governor of Victoria had refused a respite. Lord Knutsford, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, declined to recommend any interference of the Crown. Deeming was, therefore, hanged on the appointed day.

An extraordinary story of prowess in the French practice of sword-duelling in the Bois de Boulogne has been current in Paris. It was said that M. Roulez, a man fifty years of age, an inventor of telephone apparatus, who had challenged three other gentlemen, had wounded and disabled them all, one after another, concluding with an extra duel, in which he wounded one of their seconds, all within an hour. None of the wounds were dangerous, no surgeon was present, and no witnesses are forthcoming. The story was possibly communicated by telephone; it looks very odd.



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Thoughts, like snowflakes on some far-off mountain side, go on accumulating till some great truth is loosened, and falls like an avalanche on the waiting world.

WHAT HEALTH-RESORT, WHAT WATERING-PLACE, WHAT CLIMATE IN THE WORLD?

could show results of Preventable Death like these of the power of Sanitation? IGNORANCE OF SANITARY SCIENCE, direct and indirect, Costs Threelfold the amount of Poor-Rate for the Country generally. "He had given as models of sanitation of adult life well-constructed and well-kept prisons, where of those who came in without well-developed disease, and not good lives either, the death-rate did not exceed THREE in 1000. In Stafford County Jail the death-rate had, during the last ten years, been actually less than one in every thousand—not a tenth of the death-rate of adult outsiders."—Inaugural Address by E. CHADWICK, C.B., on the Sanitary Condition of England.

THE KING OF PHYSICIANS, PURE AIR.—JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

"Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When BLACK DEATH massacred Hundreds of Thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter."—Times.

After breathing impure air for two minutes and a half, every drop of blood is more or less poisoned. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisonous blood; not a point but must have suffered injury. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the best known remedy; it removes putrid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, cooling, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Especially to Consuls, Ship Captains, Emigrants, and Europeans generally who are visiting or residing in Hot or Foreign Climates, or in the United Kingdom. As a natural product of Nature, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution, the JEOPARDY of life is immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion,

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

is particularly valuable. No TRAVELLER should leave home without a supply, for by its use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest, yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is in the highest degree invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, and aiding digestion is most striking.

FOR BILIOUSNESS OR SICK HEAD-

ACHE, Giddiness, Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Costiveness and its evils, Impure Blood and Skin Eruptions, &c., ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the simplest and best remedy yet introduced. It removes by natural means effete matter or poison from the blood, thereby preventing and curing boils, carbuncles, fevers, feverish skin, erysipelas, and all epidemics, and counteracts any ERRORS OF EATING OR DRINKING, or any sudden affliction or mental strain, and prevents diarrhoea (also removes diarrhoea in the first stage by natural means). It is a Pleasant Beverage, and may be taken as an invigorating and cooling draught under any circumstances, from infancy to old age. It is impossible to overstate its value, and on that account no household ought to be without it, for by its use many disastrous results may be entirely prevented. In the nursery it is beyond praise. Notwithstanding its medicinal value, the "FRUIT SALT" must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all *circumstances*, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught in the same way as lemonade, soda-water, potass-water, &c., only it is much cheaper and better in every sense of the term, to an unlimited extent. The "FRUIT SALT" acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.

INQUESTS.—A STARTLING ARRAY

OF PREVENTABLE DEATHS.—Why should FEVER, that VILE SLAYER of MILLIONS of the HUMAN RACE, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The MURDERER, as he is called, is quickly made example of by the law. Fevers are almost universally acknowledged to be PREVENTABLE DISEASES. How is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who's to blame? For the means of preventing PREMATURE DEATH from disease, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It keeps the BLOOD PURE, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers (and blood poisons), liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that, if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, or a traveling trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.

A black and white illustration of a lighthouse on a rocky island. The lighthouse is labeled "ENO'S FRUIT SALT" at the top, "IS A BLESSING IN ALL AILMENTS", "WASTE OF LIFE", and "ENGLAND" at the base. The surrounding sea is turbulent, and the sky is cloudy. The text at the bottom reads "114,000 PERSONS every year DIE unnatural deaths".

WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED

A NATURAL WAY OF RESTORING OR PRESERVING STRUCTURE — WOOD BROTHERS, CINCINNATI HEALTH

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AN IMPERATIVE HYGIENIC NEED.

INFLUENZA. NEVER DELAY. INSTRUCTIONS. What to do when you have it.

DON'T GO WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It ought to be kept in every bedroom in readiness for any emergency. It prevents diarrhoea, and removes it when it occurs.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Canape is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by Worthless Imitations.

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WILLS AND REQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1890), with a codicil (dated May 14, 1891), of Mr. Francis Colville Hyde, J.P., late of Wilderton, Branksome, Bournemouth, who died on March 9, was proved on May 7 by John Colville Hyde, the son, and Vincent Biscoe Tritton, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £106,000. The testator gives his freehold property, Wilderton, to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Amelia Hyde, for life or widowhood, and then to his unmarried daughters; all his furniture and effects (except some family robes, plate, and pictures, which are to go with his Manchester estates, but of which she is to have the use for life), horses and carriages, and £500 to his wife; all his shares in stations, partnerships, concerns, and moneys in any of the colonies of Australia to his sons Bertram Charles Anson Hyde and Vincent Monroe Colville Hyde; and his debenture shares in the Viro Company, Brymbo, Wrexham, to his son John Colville Hyde. He settles his Manchester estates and the residue of his real estate upon his said son John Colville; and confirms his marriage settlement. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; then, as to £60,000, upon further trust, for his five daughters; as to £12,000, for his son Francis Frederick Musgrave, in addition to the advances already made to him; as to £20,000, for his son Arthur Colville; and as to the ultimate residue, to go with his settled estate.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1891) of Mr. John Denby, late of Wycliffe House, Shipley, Bradford, worsted spinner and manufacturer, who died on March 23 at Harrogate, was proved on April 25 by Charles Denby, the brother, and William Arthur Denby and Ellis Denby, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £69,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife £100 and his wines and consumable stores, and, for life, certain furniture and effects and £300 per annum; and there are some specific bequests to sons, and a legacy to his brother for his trouble as executor. As to the residue of his property, he leaves two elevenths to each of his three sons and one eleventh to each of his five daughters.

The will (dated July 29, 1891) of Sir William Bowman, Bart., late of Oldwynd, near Dorking, Surrey, who died on March 29, was proved on May 12 by Sir William Paget Bowman, Bart., and James Frederick Bowman, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £103,000. The testator bequeaths the portrait of George Frederick Watts, R.A., painted by himself, to the gallery which shall have received the works of the said artist, or to which they shall have been bequeathed by him; and if such bequest shall not have come into operation in his (the testator's) lifetime, then to the National Gallery, and this inscription is to be placed on the frame: "Bequeathed in memory of the love I bear him." He also bequeaths

£1000 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife; and legacies to nephews, nieces, and great-nephews and nieces. His estate, Oldwynd, he leaves to his wife, for life, and then to his son William Paget, and on the death of his wife there are some specific bequests to his said son, including portraits of Lord Tennyson, Professor Donders, and himself, by G. F. Watts, R.A., and a subscription portrait of himself by W. W. Ouless, R.A. The remainder of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he gives £3000 to his daughter Eliza; £8000 to his son William Paget; one seventh of the ultimate residue to, or upon trust for, each of his six children, Eliza, William Paget, James Frederick, Mrs. Mary Kempe, Arthur Gerald, and Harry Ernest; and one seventh to the four children of his daughter Mrs. Agnes Merriman, who has been provided for by settlement.

The will (dated July 12, 1884) of Mrs. Sarah Gardner, late of Polefield, Cheltenham, who died on March 16, has been proved by Dame Sarah Mary Dick-Cunningham, the daughter and acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testatrix bequeaths her household goods, furniture, plate, pictures, and effects to her said daughter for life, and then to her husband, Sir Robert Dick-Cunningham, Bart., for his life. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter, for life, and at her death gives £5000 each to Georgina Maud and Wilhelmina Susan, the two elder daughters of her said daughter; and the ultimate residue to

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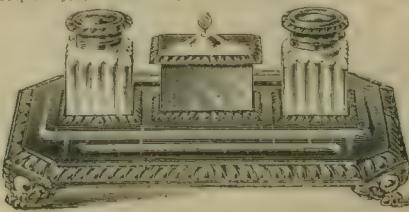
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TESTIMONIALS.

HAY FEVER.—The Rev. Dr. BULLOCK, Editor of the *Fire-side*, writes: "Those who are troubled with Hay Fever will do well to try the Carbolic Smoke Ball. From practical testimony we can certify that it gives great relief."

HAY FEVER.—Colonel C. E. MACDONALD, 63, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.W., writes: "My daughter received much benefit from the Carbolic Smoke Ball when suffering from a severe attack of Hay Fever and asthma, other remedies having failed."

HAY FEVER.—Major ROLAND WEBSTER, Sutherland Avenue, W., writes: "The Carbolic Smoke Ball gave me entire satisfaction last summer. I unintentionally got into a field where hay-making was going on, and I was not inconvenienced by it. I have not been able to do such a thing for the last twenty years without suffering frightfully."

HAY FEVER.—FREDERICK MEAD, Esq., Lyric Club, writes: "I had suffered severely with Hay Fever for several years during the summer months, and was disturbed almost nightly with Hay Asthma, but found immediate relief from the first trial of the Carbolic Smoke Ball last year, and from that time have never had a single night's rest interfered with by the Hay Asthma."

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PUREST,

SAFEST,

BEST.

her third granddaughter and to Alice Dick-Cunningham, the daughter of her said daughter.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1891) of Mr. Adam Smith Annand, late of 59, Brunswick Place, Brighton, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on May 5 by Lieutenant-Colonel John Harvey Annand, R.A., the son, the Rev. John Abiel Seaton, and George Allen, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator makes specific bequests to children, and gives legacies to his executor, Mr. Allen, a nephew, and to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children, John Harvey Annand, Agnes Annand, Mrs. Mary Anderson, Mrs. Sophia Clarke, and Mrs. Elvan or Seaton, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1865), with a codicil (dated Sept. 10, 1887), of Sir George Campbell, K.C.S.I., late of 17, Southwell Gardens, who died on Feb. 18, at Cairo, was proved on May 12 by Captain George Campbell, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £41,000. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife and children.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1889), with a codicil (dated March 31, 1890), of Mr. Charles Bligh, formerly of Godshill, Isle of Wight, and late of Percy Lodge, Harrow Road, West Dorking, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on May 5 by Charles Albert

Hingston, M.D., and Arthur Edward Pridham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each of his executors, and £100 to his servant, Sarah Marshall. The other provisions of the will are in favour of his wife, Mrs. Fanny Catherine Bligh, and his daughters, Mrs. Sophia Henrietta Livesey, Mrs. Emily Rose Stoney, and Miss Elizabeth Bligh; and he exercises on behalf of his wife and daughters the powers of appointment given to him by the will of his late father, Thomas Christopher Bligh.

The will (dated May 13, 1891), with a codicil (dated Aug. 21 following), of Miss Caroline Goudge Batho, late of Cheshunt, Herts, who died on March 21, has been proved by William John Batho, the great-nephew, and Nicholl Evans, M.D., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; £200 each to the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics, the London City Mission, the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead, the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and the Clergy Orphan Corporation; £100 each to the Disabled Missionaries Fund of the London City Mission, the

Religious Tract Society, the Missions to Seamen Society, St. Thomas's Hospital, Guy's Hospital, the Boys' Home (Regent's Park Road), the Great Northern Hospital, Brompton Hospital for Consumption, the City of London Lying-In Hospital, the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, the Working-Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, the Hospital for Women (Soho Square), the Medical Benevolent Society for the Counties of Herts and Essex, the Metropolitan Dairymen's Benevolent Institution, and the United Kingdom Railway Officers and Servants' Association; and many legacies to great-nephews and nieces, and other relatives, friends, executors, and servants. All her freehold and copyhold property and the residue of her personal estate she gives to her nephew, the Rev. Charles Greenwood Thornton.

The will of Lieut.-General Edward Kaye, C.B., late of 93, Priory Road, West Hampstead, who died on Feb. 21, has been proved by Major Arthur Edward Cecil Kaye, the son, and John Down, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,000.

The will of the Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, honorary canon of Canterbury, formerly Bishop of Montreal, late of the Château Espérance, Biarritz, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on May 10 by Charles John Wood, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,54.

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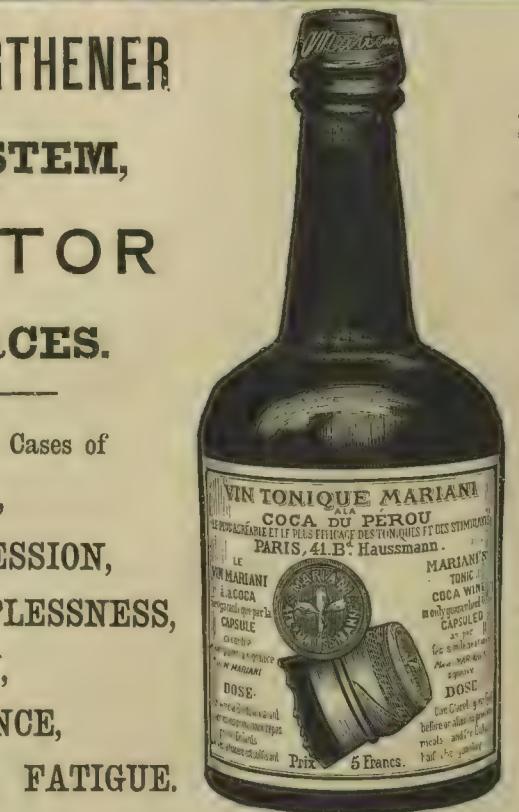
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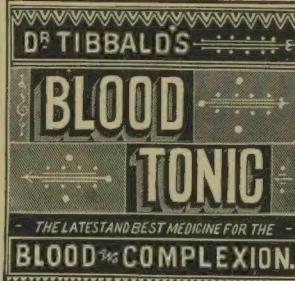
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